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The Herald.

VOL. 12 CEDARVILLE, OHIO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER, 3, 1891 NO. 35

Bargains **OUR PRICES WILL WIN** Bargains

Elegant Bleached tableDamask 56 inches wide only 47 1-2 cents per yd.
The Best Table oil Cloth 20cts per yd. has always at 25 cts.
The Best Floor Oil Cloth 25cts per yd. square yd.

TO CASH BUYERS 6 PER CENT OFF TO CASH BUYERS
Of Boots, Shoes, Underwear & Clothing. This discount means $1.00 woth of these goods for .94c. Or a $1.25 pair of shoes for $1.18. It will pay you to buy at

BIRD'S MAMMOTH STORE.

THE HERALD.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER, 3 1891.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r

PRICE $1.25 PER ANNUM.

Xenia is talking of having a plush factory.

Minnie Ford and Gertie Rickett were in Xenia this week.

Court Satterfield, of Xenia, spent last Saturday with his mother in Cedarville.

C. F. Tindall and wife, of Selma, were the guests of F. H. Tindall and family Tuesday.

Barnum & Bailey was well patronized by our citizens Thursday while they were at Springfield.

Notice is hereby given that all persons found hunting or fishing on the farm of Caleb Nooks will be prosecuted for trespassing.

Hon. Andrew Jackson, John Fields and several other of our staid citizens attended "Yearly Meeting" at Richmond, Indiana, this week.

Harry Hannaberry who has been rusticating in this vicinity the past four months, returned to his home in Philadelphia this week greatly improved in health, having gained forty pounds in weight.

Tho Logan club has decided to hold an election school at their rooms Saturday afternoon Oct. 17th from 4 to 9o'clock p. m. for the purpose ot allowing all who desire to learn the intricacies of the new ballot system.

Every person who would like to go to Xenia Monday to attend the McKinley meeting, and has no conveyance of their own, will be furnished transportation if they will report at the HERALD office no later than four o'clock this evening.

Major Townsly, who for several months has been taking long walks every morning for the purpose of reducing his weight, and as a result he now weighs more than fifty pounds less than he did five months ago. He is making a decided improvement in his health and looks better generally.

A pleasant surprise was given Miss Kittie Derry Tuesday evening, by her friends who called at her home and spent the evening, bringing with them refreshments which were served about nine o'clock.

Miss Anna Homan, who has been working for the postal telegraph company at Springfield, has been transferred to Indianapolis, where she will remain during the winter.

Mrs. Smith is spending a few weeks in Kentucky with her husband who is teaching school at Crab Ordhard.

Miss Jennie Ervin started Tuesday, for Kansas City, Missouri, to visit her niece, Mrs. Effie Carben.

On Thursday of last week, Mrs. Nettie Rakestrow, nee Milburn, of Columbus, was united in marriage with Mr. Hartsook, of the same city. But few of Mrs. Hartsook's friends in this vicinity knew of her marriage until she enlightened them while spending a few drys here this week.

The Xenia Republican is entitled to a great deal of praise for its elegant account of the Republican meeting held in Cedarville Friday evening of last week. Bro. Beveruge was present any caught it all, But there never is and discount on John, and in spite of the efforts of his compeditors, he continues to publish the spiciest paper in the country.

Three Wedding Gowns.

ED. HERALD:—

We did not know that the "fiber" of American grown flax, was one of the essential issues learned statesman were discussing this campaign, or with pleasure we would have shown to Hon. R. G. Horr, of Michigan, when here last Friday, a remnant of wedding dress of purest linen, filmy, and delicate as any that might come from a Holland or England loom.

The flax was grown in the Tuscarawas valley, near where is now the pretty town of Port Royal, Juniata county, Pa. on the farm of one of its first pioneer settlers then located in 1754, grown and scutched by his hands, spun by his daughter, woven by their mother, a former Scotch lassie from the Ayrshire hills. The web was then bleached to snowy whiteness and from it was made the wedding gowns of their three daughters whose triple marriages were celebrated at the Christmas-tide of 1777, on the home coming of the three revolutionary soldier lovers then on furlough from Washington's army.

Why their entire outfit of bed and table linen was of the purest, without a suspicion of cotton.

Coming down a decade, I could have exhibited to him beautiful samples of linen of that favorite pattern known as the "honey comb." The flax grown by my father in Miami county, near Piqua, O., spun by my own mother's hands, and woven by an expert from the old country over half a century ago, everything was linen then. What's the matter with the "fiber" of American grown flax now? No need to wait for the sample from the Minnesota fields or looms which had been ordered that he might shake it in every Democratic face, when we have it one hundred and fifteen years old, of purest quality.

MARGARET A. D. TOWNSLEY.

Excursion Rates to St. Louis via the Pennsylvania Lines.

Excursion tickets will be sold to St. Louis from principal stations on the Pennsylvania Lines, October 4th, 5th and 6th, at one fare for the round trip, account of the St. Louis Fair and the Veiled Prophet's Carnival. They will be good running until October 10th.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that a mass convention of republican voters of Cedarville township will be held in the Logan club rooms Tuesday evening October 13, for the purpose of renominating a candidate for the office of Justice of the Peace.

BEV. ANDREW.
CENTRAL COM.

FOR SALE.

Three Selam rams, and one milch cow. Call on C. E. COOLEY. 2t

Butter, Jersey, Milk Crackers at GRAY'S.

Harvesting Oils at Ridgway's

Cheese, Crackers and Ginger snaps at GRAY'S.

Mower Oils at Ridgway's.

Elegant Toilet Soaps at Ridgway's Pharmacy.

Buy your fresh and salt meats at the old reliable meat store of C. W. Crouse.

The finest line of fresh and salt meats in the county at C. W. Dean's

Fresh cakes and bread at the bakery. JACOB SEIGLER

Fruit Cans.

We are selling our own make of fruit cans at fifty cents per dozen.

Crouse and Bull.

Go to Boyd's restaurant for a good meal, only 25 cents.

Syrup and Molasses at GRAY'S.

Our Stock of Patent Medicines is complete at Ridgway's Pharmacy.

Sweet, spiced and sour pickles at GRAY'S.

Go to Charlie Smith for a shave.

Teeth extracted without pain by application of cocaine at Dr. Homan's office.

Avena, Oatmeal
Cracked wheat
Granulated Hominy
Farino, Parched Farinose at
GRAY'S.

Sal Soda, Borax, Alum, Sulphur, Saltpetre and Blue Vitrol at Bull's.

PUBLIC SALE.

We will sell at our residence two miles southeast of Cedarville, on the Turnbull Road, commence,—10 o'clock, A. M., on Friday, October 16, 1891.

9 HEAD OF HORSES.

Consisting of 3 work horses, one two years old, and two 3 years old. 1 good driving mare with foal, 2 Brood Mares, 1 three year old ClydesDale Mare, 1 one year old Filly, 1 one year old Gelding.

20 HEAD OF CATTLE.

Consisting of 3 Milch Cows, one with calf by her side—one fresh Nov. 10th, 5 Two year old Steers—9 one year old Steers—2 Spring Calves.

60 HEAD OF MERINO AND COTSWOLD SHEEP

Consisting of 18 Breeding Ewes, 7 Head of Yearling Weathers, 15 Head of Weather Lambs, 20 Head of Cottswold breeding Ewes.

—53 HEAD OF HOGS.—

Consisting of 20 Head of Shoats. 6 Brood Sows, 1 with 5 pigs—2 with 7 pigs each—and 1 with 8 pigs.

1 ONE HORSE CARRIAGE.
13 TONS OF TIMOTHY HAY IN BARN.

TERMS OF SALE:

A credit of Nine Months on all sums over $5.00 with two approved securities.

—SALE POSITIVE—

D. H. MARSHALL & SON, Auctioneers,
JAS. H. ANDREWS, Clerk.
TURNBULL SISTERS.

HARVEST EXCURSIONS.

Reduced Rates via the Pennsylvania Lines.

On August 25th, September 15th and 29th, excursion tickets at especially reduced round trip rates will be sold from all principal coubon ticket stations on the Pennsylvania Lines West of Pittsburg to points in the west, northwest and southwest, good returning for thirty days from date of sale. For further information apply to the nearest agent of the Pennsylvania Lines.

Remarkable Recovery.

Mrs. Michael Curtain, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefitted from first dose. She continued its use and after taking ten bottles, found herself cured and well, now does her own housework and is as well as she ever was.—Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at Ridgway's Drug Store. Large bottles 50c. and $1.00. (2)

Smith's the place for a seafoam.

For Sale—A choice lot of timothy seed. JOSEPH BROTHERTON.

Barbed wire for fences at Andrew Bro & Co.

We have a car load of ferterlizer on the road that will be here in ample time for seeding, Andrew Bro. & Co.

5a Horse blankets, wolf robes, etc., at Andrew Bro & Co.

Spring repair work at Murray's harness shop.

A fine line of pocket and table cutlery at Crouse & Bull's.

ICE
at Ridgeway's.

Rolled Avena and Wheat, Oatmeal and Cracked Wheat, Farino and Parched Farinose, Pearl Barley, Granulated Hominy at GRAY'S.

Machine Oils at Ridgway's

Highest market price paid for wheat at ANDREW & BRO.

Hard and Soft refined Sugars at GRAY'S.

Wanted some one scarce of children to care for my horses and do other chores. House rent free. D. S. Ervin.

A full line of fall and winter clothing new ready. Childrens' suits $1,25 and up. Boys' suits from $4,00 to $16,00, and mens' in all varieties.

3t.-26A. R. Crandall & Co. Xenia.

Peaches, Apricots and Prunes at GRAY'S.

Wood and Willow ware at GRAY'S.

If you want a stylish livery rig go to Boyd's.

Fish at GRAY'S.

Paints in all size packages and colors at Ridgway's.

Corn, Tomatoes, Beans, &c., at GRAY'S.

Tobacos and Cigars at GRAY'S.

Pure Pine tar at Ridgway's.

Paint and Varnish Brushes at Ridgway's.

Window glass and Putty at Ridgway's Pharmacy.

New Perfumes at Ridgway's.

Picture Frames made to order at Ridgway's Pharmacy.

If you want a good lunch or a square meal go to Boyd's and try him once.

Sunday Excursions via the Pennsylvania Lines.

Tickets at one fare for the round trip between any two stations on the Cincinnati Division from Columbus and Springfield to Cincinnati inclusive will be sold by the P. C. C. & St. L. Ry. Co, on each Sunday until further notice, during the summer of 1891.

The Cedarville Herald

W. H. BLAIR, Publisher.

CEDARVILLE, : : : OHIO.

FIRST USE OF THE POTATO.

Ruse By Which It Was Made Popular—Origin of Other Foodstuffs.

There is much curious amusement to be had in tracing where the foodstuffs we use and the domestic animals we eat or use originally came from. Prof. Max Muller, reasoning through his science of words, finds that the goose was domesticated very early, or at least some bird like it.

Goose in Englise, gans in German, dropping the "g" according to the laws of language, the word becomes anser in Latin and correspondingly in Greek, with the aspirate that marks the digamma dropped, and so back to ansa in the Sanscrit. Our prehistoric Sanscrit ancestors of the Indian fable lands had geese, Prof. Muller therefore concludes, or birds resembling them closely. Through thousands of years the name has remained, varrying only according to the known laws of the change of pronunciation, and probably the thing stood throughout behind the name. Such is the antiquity of geese.

It is since Queen Elizabeth's time, only four and a half centuries ago, that tobacco, sugar and potatoes have been used, Sir Walter Raleigh being instrumental in establishing the use of all these in England.

The circumnavigator, Francis Drake, has the credit of introducing the potato in Europe, but the Spaniards had brought it with the tomato from the Andes some while before, and it was established there and in Italy, where they called it tartufoli, long before Sir Walter Raleigh shipped his cargo, in 1626, from Virginia to England. According to Humboldt it has been cultivated in England since 1684, in Saxony since 1728, and since 1738 in Prussia.

There was much difficulty in introducing the potato in France. It was only toward the end of the reign of Louis XIV. that it began to be used. The learned had opposed its introduction systematically, saying it produced leprosy, and the common people refused to test it even on their live stock.

A trick at last established it. Fields were planted all over France with potatoes and carefully guarded till the tubers were ripe, it being given out that these fields were growing a new thing especially for the king, and that trespassers would be prosecuted. Now, the laws at that time were very severe. A man might be hung when he hunted in the wild forest, for the game was the seigneur's, almost each one of whom kept his private gallows. Trespass against the king implied, therefore, terrible punishment.

The danger of the punishment proved itself an alluring bait. As the contriver, wise in human nature, had foreseen, the fields that were purposely left unguarded were pillaged right and left, the potatoes eaten, some kept and planted, and the tuber at last effectively introduced into France.—N. Y. Sun.

THE COYOTE AND THE CROWS.

A Folk-Story of the Tee-Wahn, or Pueblo Indians.

Once on a time many crows lived in the edge of some woods. A little out into the plain stood a very large tree, with much sand under it. One day a coyote was passing, and heard the crows singing and dancing under this tree, and came up to watch them. They were dancing in a circle, and each crow had upon his back a large bag.

"Crow-friends, what are you doing?" asked the coyote, who was much interested.

"Oh, we are dancing with our mothers," said the crows.

"How pretty! And will you let me dance, too?" asked the coyote of the too-whit-lah-widdeh crow (captain of the dance).

"Oh, yes," replied the crow. "Go and put your mother in a bag and come to the dance."

The coyote went running home. There his old mother was sitting in the corner of the fire-place. The stupid coyote picked up a stick and struck her on the head, and put her in a bag, and hurried back to the dance with her.

The crows were dancing merrily, and singing:

"Ai nana, que-ee-rah, que-ee-rah." ("Alas, mamma! you are shaking, you are shaking!") The coyote joined the dance, with the bag on his back, and sang as the crows did:

"Ai, nana, que-ee-rah, que-ee-rah." [Ai nana is an exclamation always used by mourners.]

But at last the crows burst out laughing, and said, "What do you bring in your bag?"

"My mother, as you told me," replied the coyote, showing them.

Then the crows emptied their bags, which were filled with nothing but sand, and flew up into the tree, laughing.

The coyote then saw that they had played him a trick and started home, crying "Ai nani!" When he got home he took his mother from the bag and tried to set her up in the chimney corner, always crying "Ai nana, why don't you sit up as before?" But she could not, for she was dead. When he found out that she could not sit up any more he vowed to follow the crows and eat them all the rest of his life; and from that day to this he has been hunting them, and they are always at war.—C. F. Lummis, in St. Nicholas.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

GOD'S UNKNOWN.

The following poem obtained the first prize of $50 which was offered by Geo. H. Thomas post, of San Francisco, Cal., to be read at the memorial entertainment, held in the Grand opera house in that city last Memorial day:

Where prayers are few, no tear-drops shed
Above the lonely, nameless dead,
My sweetest buds are strown;
I weave my roses in a crown
And lay the fragrant blossoms down
Where sleep the brave unknown.

For on some distant battle-field,
Under the flag, his life-blood sealed,
My brave boy tents alone;
But angel sentinels will keep
Their vigils o'er his dreamless sleep
Though marked his grave, "Unknown."

I know not if my loved one fell
When loud the shots of vict'ry swell
And hushed his dying moan;
Or, if in clouds of dark defeat,
When even coming death seemed sweet,
He joined the great unknown.

Bright birds—swift harbingers of spring;
A message from the South land bring
On eager pinions flown;
Where woodland choruses resound,
Have ye not spied a grass grown mound
That bears the name 'Unknown?'

In murky swamp or open glade
Or 'neath the moss-draped forest shade
Where sunset arrows shone;
Swift to the mark they softly sped
And formed a halo round the dead
That rest and sleep unknown.

O, south wind, waft your fragrant sighs,
Born 'neath the cloudless summer skies,
Where orange buds are blown;
And swing the pure magnolia bloom,
A gleaming censer of perfume,
Above the graves unknown.

When dew and rain and smiling sun
Their round of duty each hath run,
A father's love was shone;
First Decoration Day of God.
When spring's bright blossom kissed the sod
That covered the unknown.

A garland twined of rarest flowers,
Whose petals fall in rosy showers;
Let friendship's chain be thrown
Around our land 'till east and west
Shall decorate their place of rest—
Remember the unknown.

Uproot the bitter hate and strife
Implanted with each buried life;
Let seeds of love be sown,
And blossoms of sweet peace and trust
Shall flourish o'er the sacred dust
Of those we call, "Unknown."

I pray when comes the Grand Review,
And each true soldier—gray and blue—
Shall stand before the throne;
When sounds the roll call loud and clear,
That every soul shall answer, "Here,"
Be counted with the known.

—Mrs. C. C. Bateman.

BURNSIDE AND EKIN.

An Illustration of the Manliness of One and the Courtesy of the Other.

Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside and Gen. James A. Ekin are both claimed as Indianians. The former was an Indianian by birth, as he was born in this state at the town of Liberty, while Gen. Ekin, now living at Louisville, Ky., closely connected himself with this state both by residence and service during and after the war. "I once saw these men come together in an episode that will be forever impressed on my memory," said Capt. W. H. Hay, of the custom office. "They are very unlike each other, yet both truly great men. The incident took place during the war in the 'Chain Building,' on Eighth street, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth streets, in Washington, opposite what is now Dr. Bartlett's church, but was formerly the residence and headquarters of Gen. Winfield Scott. At the time of which I speak it was occupied by Gen. Ekin, then assistant quartermaster, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, as headquarters of the cavalry bureau, with the duty of supplying the army with cavalry horses, and I was then chief clerk. The supply was obtained by detail of officers sent to Col. Ekin, who assigned them as inspectors at different places of purchase over the country. When Gen. Burnside organized his independent corps of thirty thousand men he obtained permission from the war department to detail his own officers for the purchase and inspection of horses for the cavalry arm of his corps, and they went out to purchase horses exclusively for their corps.

It seems that as time went on the supply sent in by these special officers was exceedingly limited, while Col. Ekin's officers were obtaining a full supply. One day I heard a heavy step, as of a boot shod with anger thundering up the stairs, and then a wrathful fusilade of blows upon the door. The next moment Gen. Burnside surged in. 'Where's Ekin?' he demanded in a gust of passion. I pointed to the next room. The door was left open and I soon heard an angry roar, succeeded by a mild, suave answer. I concluded I had better see as well as hear, what was going on, and went into the room. As every one knows, Gen. Ekin always was the courtly gentleman, suave and polite, never losing his temper. Gen. Burnside was demanding the reason why he was not receiving more horses from the bureau; and the quartermaster was responding that he was sending all that Burnside's special detail of officers was buying. Finally, in a burst of passion, Burnside exclaimed: 'This bureau is conducted with either gross incapacity or devilish unfairness. Grant is receiving all the horses while I am receiving none. I shall report this state of affairs to the secretary of war and the quartermaster-general.

The only indication of anger on the part of Ekin was his under lip, which quivered as he responded calmly in his suave and measured tones, 'I hope you will, sir; I hope you will. I was brought to this place from Indianapolis because of supposed fitness for the position. If I am not conducting this bureau properly it is your duty, sir, as a general officer, to report me. I hope you will do it.'

'I will, sir; rest assured I will,' thundered Burnside as he went out.

"The next day," continued Capt. Hay, after a pause, "I heard a light step upon the stairs, accompanied by a cheery whistle. It was a bright air from 'Il Travatore,' and was followed by a mild tap on the door. When the door opened Maj.-Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside entered. 'Is Col. Ekin in?' he asked in a pleasant voice, like a drummer wanting to sell goods. The day before it was 'Ekin' without the title. I told him yes, and he entered the quartermaster's room. Then I heard the voice of the visitor, 'Good morning, colonel, good morning. I have come to apologize, sir. I did you a great injustice yesterday. I have been deceived, sir; instead of making any suggestion as to your removal, I have heard from Secretary Stanton regarding this bureau and the efficient way in which it is conducted that suggested that I had better attend to my own business, and now I think I had.'

"This was something decidedly novel; a major-general of the United States army apologizing in this manner to an inferior in rank. I don't think there is another case of the kind on record, but it exhibited the greatness of the man—an Indianian of whom we should be proud. It was a benediction to see the way in which Ekin received it. He is a gentleman after the Sir Philip Sidney pattern. He bowed, and was, if possible, more suave and polite than ever before. 'And, now, general, if you want horses for your corps, call your officers in and I'll supply you rapidly.' Burnside did so, and the horses were soon forthcoming.—Indianapolis Journal.

HE BEAT THE BULLET.

A Maine Man's Remarkable Race With a Confederate at Gettysburg.

It was in a well-known hotel in Bangor. A party of gentlemen were conversing on one subject and another. During a lull in the conversation one gentleman noticed a scar on the hand of another, and interrogated him as to the cause. The other answered that he received it in a very curious way, and told the following story in regard to it:

I got that wound in the battle of Gettysburg. I had been fighting all day and felt very tired, and so sat down on a rock and shot from there.

I was just loading up my gun when a long, lean, lank fellow darted by me, making for the woods like a streak of greased lightning. I up with my gun and let drive at him, but he didn't drop, and, as I had shot just nine hundred and ninety-nine and didn't want to lose the thousandth I started after him.

I never saw a man run so fast in all my adventurous life, and I could see that I was gaining upon him, but every once in a while I lost sight of him behind a tree or rock.

I noticed a lull in the fight, and glancing aside I saw that both armies had stopped fighting, and were straining their eyes to see the race.

That raised my courage, and I forgot all about being tired. Just then I made a spurt of speed, and as I did so I felt something strike my hand, which spread out like the fan of a windmill.

Well, to make a long story short, I caught up with him and was about to collar him when he turned about and tried to stab me. I dodged his blow, and just then something hit him and he fell over dead. I sat down beside him to rest, and as I did so noticed blood trickling down my hand. On closer investigation I found that there was a bullet hole in my palm.

The dead man had a bullet in his breast, and I am positive in my belief that both wounds were made by the same bullet, and that it was the same bullet that I had fired at the confederate.

The race was so hot that I caught up with and passed it at some time during my chase. That is why I now wear that scar.—Bangor News.

A Good Excuse.

With the immortal Stonewall Jackson, straggling, especially during a forward march, was an unpardonable offense; but there was one instance in which it was promptly condoned. During one of the forced marches, along in the summer of '62, through the pine and 'simmon regions, he stopped to consult with some general officers till the whole command had passed some distance. Riding forward to the front he discovered a private of his old brigade up a 'simmon tree.

"What are you doing so far in the rear?" cried the general.

"I'm eating 'simmons," said the soldier.

"Why, they're not ripe," said the general, with some sarcasm.

"I know it," said the soldier. "I want 'em green."

"Why do you eat green 'simmons?" said old Blue Light.

"To draw my stomach up to fit my rations," said old Web Foot.

Enough! The hero drew the old slouch cap down over his eyes and rode on abashed and subdued into silence.—Alabama Soldier.

—A Brahmin bull has been presented to the Washington zoological gardens by Hon. John H. Starin, of New York city. Mr. Starin was much interested while in congress in promoting the "7'po" and other local improvements.

IN WOMAN'S BEHALF.

WOMEN THE EXPERTS.

The Value of Their Services in the Treasury Department.

At a meeting held here in honor of the late Gen. Francis E. Spinner, formerly treasurer of the United States, says a Washington correspondent of the Boston Journal, Secretary Foster paid tribute to him that was well deserved. Attention was especially called to the fact that Gen. Spinner was one of the first to recognize the merits of women as department clerks and to give them positions in the service. From Gen. Spinner's day the employment of women in the departments has become general.

In many branches of the treasury service women have arisen to the proficiency of experts. This is especially true as to the office of the treasurer of the United States, where the most expert, rapid and accurate counters of multilated currency and detectors of counterfeit money are women. A woman detected the first counterfeit $100 bill of a very dangerous issue. When called upon to explain why she thought it was counterfeit her answer was: "I knew it was." It took a day or two for the engravers and cashiers to make a detailed explanation so that bank officials could understand the reason. However it was discovered that these same cashiers and bank officials had received a good many of the bills, while the woman had detected that they were counterfeit. Gen. Spinner, when treasurer of the United States, once said: "A man will examine a note systematically and adduce logically from the imperfect engraving, blurred vignette, or indistinct signature that it is counterfeit, and he will be wrong four cases out of ten. A woman picks up a note, looks at it in an apparently careless manner, after her own fashion, and says: 'That is counterfeit.' 'Why?' the division chief will ask, and she will be sure to answer, 'Because it is,' and she is right eleven cases out of twelve." It would be wrong to say that these discoveries are the result of chance. They come from a keen perception, fine eyesight, delicate touch and long acquaintance with the work. There is in one of the bureaus to-day a woman whose division chief says that her daily average of work is nearly three times that of a man who has been assigned to the same duty, and who sits in the same room, yet the man gets twice the pay.

The most skillful person to identify the notes and bonds which were defaced and charred in the great Chicago fire were women. There was one mass of charred paper from the Chicago fire amounting to $165,000, consisting of legal tenders, national bank and fractional notes, bonds and coupons. They were so charred that they would crumble at the touch. This black mass was given to six ladies for identification, and in the course of time they accomplished their task. Other like amounts from that city were in like manner successfully identified. A year later eighty-three cases of money, similarly charred, came from the great Boston fire. One case was found by these same six ladies to contain $80,000. Six months were required to identify the money saved from these two fires.

Some of the women are employed on what are known as "affidavit cases"—cases where money is too badly injured to be redeemed in the usual manner. One of these expert women clerks saved the government $180,000 once. This money was lost in a paymaster's trunk, which was sunk at the bottom of the Mississippi river, lay there for many months, and was almost a mass of pulp when it arrived at the treasury. The express company, which was responsible for this money, presented the clerk with $500.

WOMEN PROFESSORS.

Their Peculiar Province and Influence in the Co-Educational Institutions.

There has been a growing demand of late that women be represented in the faculty of co-educational institutions.

In many of these colleges women have held such positions for years, and have done their work satisfactorily and successfully. Butler university, in Indianapolis, was one of the first to open its doors to women, receiving them on the same footing with men, and conferring upon them all the honors awarded their brother graduates. Among the earliest alumnæ was Demia Butler, daughter of Ovid Butler, a prominent and wealthy citizen, and one of the oldest residents of Indiana. She married shortly after her graduation and lived but a few years. Her father, a man of extreme liberality upon all questions pertaining to the educational and political rights of women, paid a beautiful tribute to her memory by endowing a chair in the university, known as the Demia Butler Chair of English Literature and Belle Lettres. When the fund was given it was with the express stipulation that the position should perpetually be filled by a woman—a rule which, of course, has been strictly adhered to.

Women are peculiarily adapted to reach the moral and spiritual nature of the young as no man, however sympathetic, is able to do. There are many crisis in the college life of a young girl where she needs the counsel and aid of a wise and judicious woman. She can and will talk more frankly to a woman than a man, and a woman can talk to her unreservedly where a man would be necessarily restrained. Nor can a man understand the faults and foibles of feminine human nature as a woman understands them, and to expect him to remedy and cure them, without this knowledge would be to expect the performance of the impossible.

But, not only is the influence of a woman in such a position beneficial, so far as the women students are concerned, but it is quite as helpful to the young men. It must be confessed that in many colleges from which women are excluded altogether there is more or less rowdyism. Hazing flourishes, and practices take root which are seldom heard of, and are not tolerated at all in mixed schools. The presence of girls as pupils accounts for this, and it is invariably strengthened when a part of the recitations must be conducted by women professors. Whatever a young man may be he will behave himself with decency and propriety in the presence of women, be they fellow students or teachers. And while they may indulge in rough, practical jokes with a teacher of their own sex, they look up to the woman teacher with respect and reverence. She holds them in check; she appeals to their manliness and their self-respect, and never appeals in vain. There was one woman of this sort in De Pauw university at Greencastle, Ind., and to this day her name is revered by every young man who came within her influence; while to the young women she was the ideal of womanly dignity and culture.

Then there are occasions, too, in faculty meetings, where the learned professors themselves would be benefitted and aided by a woman's quick perception, and her gift for utilizing means which men are apt to undervalue or overlook.

There is little doubt but that within the next ten years there will not be a state university in the country where women will not serve both as trustees and professors.—Inter Ocean.

BETTER LIVE ALONE

Than Marry Any of the Masculine Failures With Which Society Is Surfeited.

I applaud the celibacy of a multitude of women who, rather than make unfit selection, have made none at all. It has not been a lack of opportunity for marital contract on their part, but their own culture and refinement, and their exalted ideas as to what a husband ought to be, have caused their declinature. There have been so many women who married imbeciles, or ruffians, or lifetime incapables, or magnificent nothings, or men who before marriage were angelic and afterwards diabolic, that other women have been alarmed and stood back. They saw so many boats go into the maelstrom that they steered into other waters. Better for a woman to live alone, though she lives for a hundred years, than to be annexed to one of these masculine failures with which society is surfeited. The patron saint of almost every family circle is some such unmarried woman, and among all the families of cousins she moves around, and her coming in each house is the morning and her going away is the night.—Talmage, in N. Y. Observer.

FRESH AND INTERESTING.

A PRIZE of fifty dollars for the best original design by a woman of an article of furniture has been won by Miss Gertrude, E. Fonda, of Vermont. A bookcase in form of a book was the shape she gave her design.

REV. LYDIA SEXTON, who was born in New Jersey in 1799, still preaches in various parts of the West. She predicts that she will live until 1900, thus extending her life into three centuries. Her memory is excellent and her sight remarkably good.

MRS. CORNELIA JAMES, professor of English at the Commercial academy at Fiume, has the double honor of being the only woman in the Austrian empire to hold a professorship in the public schools for boys, and the only woman presented to the Austrian emperor at the levee at Fiume.

THE young women of Hammonton, N. J., are competitors in raising chickens, and the town has more poultry than any other in the state. Under a single roof a prominent breeder has had as many as 8,000 broilers at once as well as 2,000 hens. In one season Hammonton has sent 60,000 birds to market.

A CO-OPERATIVE home for single women is to be started in Vienna. Each will have a share in the housekeeping on certain days. One hundred persons are wanted at the start, and an income of from five to seven dollars a month from each one is expected to pay expenses and accumulate a fund which will pay for the home.

THE French government has just conferred upon Miss Betham Edwards the rank of "officier de l'instruction publique," in recognition of her works upon rural France. She is now busy upon a book which is to give a survey of the political, rural, and social condition of France a century after the revolution. She has drawn her conclusions from personal observation.

STILL the female doctor continues to flourish like the proverbial bay tree. In Bosnia there is to be erected soon a hospital for female patients where all the medical officers will be women. On the British medical register there are upward of one hundred women engaged in active work. Eight separate hospital appointments are held by women, and the question of giving to women medical charge of all communities of girls and women in factories, shops, schools, etc., is now being agitated.

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THE FARMING WORLD.

SMOOTH WIRE FENCE.

Experiences That May Prove of Value and Interest to Many.

Perhaps some experiences of mine with wire fence may be suggestive and useful. I began building wire fence a year ago, so the first I built has shown me the effect of the winter's cold on it. To make a good smooth-wire fence it is first needful that the end post be well set and braced. I have tried various forms of end braces and have hit on one that I believe for cheapness and effectiveness cannot be equaled by any patent contrivance.

Let the post be of good size, 5x5 or 5x6. It should be 7 feet long. Frame or spike across the bottom end a 3x6 piece 2 feet long. Dig the trench for this across the plane of the fence and 3 feet deep. Set post in with cross-piece for-

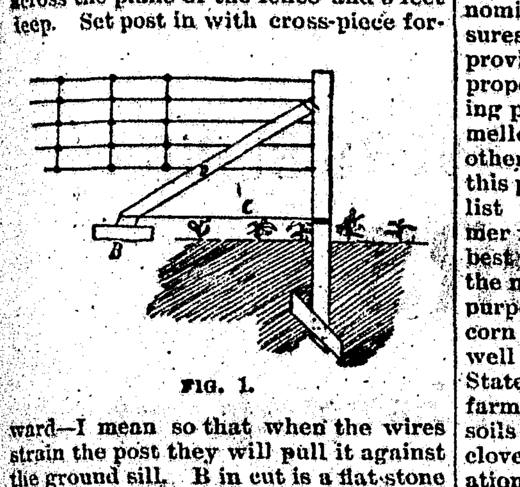


FIG. 1.

ward—I mean so that when the wires strain the post they will pull it against the ground sill. B in cut is a flat stone or plank 2 or 3 inches thick. The brace D—should be 8 feet long—rests on this, and is not necessarily fast to it. At C put four or five strands of large, strong wire around base of post and end of brace; cross them in center and twist them until quite tight. It is well to set post leaning a little backwards, away from fence. The brace D, remember, must not be butted up against anything solid—it is free to slide—except as restrained by the wires at C. This wiring at C must be strong and thorough. The pull of the fence wires is transferred through the brace D to the bottom of the post through the strands C. I am not competent to calculate the strain on the wires at C, but I judge it to be over 50 per cent. of the total strain exerted by the main fence wires. However, wire is cheap, and a number of strands can be put around and twisted up in a very few minutes.

If your post has been leaned back a little when the bracing was done, the pull of the fence will bring it straight, and no power applied in a forward direction can uproot it unless something breaks. I use a 5x5 brace for my 8-wire fence, made of No. 8 or 9 wire, so that it will not bend. This post will not pull up, or give in the ground, even if the hole is not filled with earth after it is set, providing it is a solid stick and will not bend or break.

I have built the "perfect wire fence." It does very well—is as near perfection as I care to have it. The manner of fastening horizontal wires and vertical cross-stays together is done by means of a short crimp in the horizontal wire, and a common washer also crimped, is put on over the crimp in the wire, and the stay of No. 8 or 9 wire thrust down through. The washer is then flattened, and the wires are securely locked together as in Fig. 2. It is claimed that the crimps in the wire provide against expansion and contraction by heat and cold, which I think is true, though I believe that even this fence would be better for a ratchet or similar device, to keep it always taut.

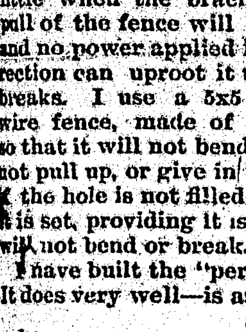


FIG. 2.

As to the expense: I buy my wire in 100 pound lots, delivered, for 3 cents per pound—1 pound best galvanized reaches nearly 20 feet; 8 wires at 3 cents per rod, 24 cents; 4 stays at 3½ cents per pound, 4 cents; 32 washers at 3 cents per pound, 6 cents; 4 staples, 1 cent; total, 35 cents. I put posts 20 feet apart. I find this fence a good pig fence. A man and boy can build about 35 to 40 rods per day, putting stays 3 feet apart. I have used barbed wire for top strand in some instances. It requires a special tool to build this fence, the "crimper," which costs $2.—J. E. Wing, in Country Gentleman.

How to Winter Bees.

A. Newland writes to the Orange Judd Farmer: Dig a trench in the ground deep enough to allow the hives to be below the surface of the ground and wide enough to receive two rows of hives. Set the hives into the trench, making the two rows face each other. Open the tops a little, screening the openings to keep out mice, etc. Lay timbers across the trench and cover it with boards. Place a ventilating tube at either end of the trench, making one taller than the other. These can be made by nailing fence boards together. They should be screened also. Pile straw on the board cover of the trench and throw up dirt around this like a potato pit. The bees will live upon half the honey required to winter them when unprotected, and very few will die, therefore you will have early and large swarms. This is the most successful plan I have tried. In Iowa when 75 per cent. of the bees died, I lost none. I have kept bees thus four [illegible] without lifting.

IMPROVING WORN LANDS.

Efficacy of Green Manuring Set Forth by Several Authorities.

Maj. Howard Swineford read a paper on this subject at a southern institute. Among other things he said as regards green manuring: The practice of growing crops for the purpose of plowing them under to fertilize the soul is one that, in my opinion, has a much greater advantage than any other, and there is no better way of cheaply improving it than this. To procure a sufficient supply of manure is, at the best, a very costly process; but a crop that can be easily grown in a few months, and then turned under, may furnish to the soil as much fertilizing matter as eight or ten tons of manure per acre, and this process may be repeated several times in one year. Manuring with green crops is not only the most economical, but, to most lands, one of the surest and most speedy means of improving the texture and fertilizing properties of the soil. Besides furnishing plant food, the soil is made more mellow and better fitted for producing other crops. Of various crops used for this purpose, we place at the head of the list red clover and cow pea; the former for general use and the latter as best suited to this locality. Among the numerous other crops used for this purpose are buckwheat, rye, oats, corn and millet. Hon. George Geddes, well known throughout the United States as a practical and scientific farmer, says of the clover: "If our soils require improving, we turn the clover crop under and repeat the operation until there is sufficient fertility to allow us to carry the clover off. The oftener we can fill the soil with roots, and then plow them under, and thus allow them to rot, the sooner do we expect to get our land in condition to bear a crop of grain. A very considerable part of the cultivated land in central and western New York has never had any other manuring than this clover and gypsum, and its fertility is not diminishing." He states that he had a field which for seventy-four years had been manured with nothing except clover grown upon it and plowed in, and that this field had produced wheat, corn, oats, barley and grass. The clover thus used had, for fifty years, been regularly treated with gypsum, and the land was constantly increasing in fertility.

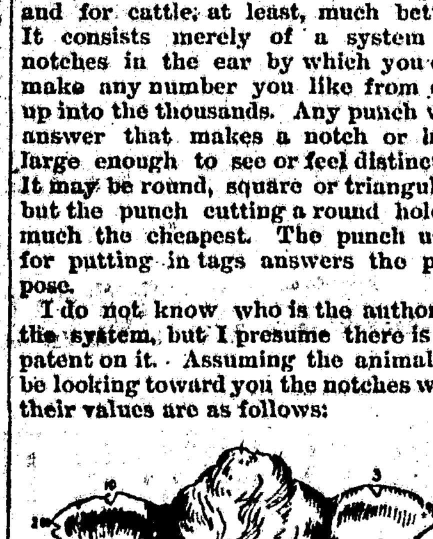
BETTER THAN TAGS.

A System of Ear-Marking That Has Given General Satisfaction.

A system of ear-marking which is much better than tags consists essentially of tattooing a number inside the ear by means of an instrument provided for the purpose.

This would be effective in the care of sheep, but not so good for cattle. The implement, however, is expensive, and the application some trouble. A considerable number of red polled cattle breeders in England and this country are using a system, equally effective for sheep, which it seems to me is simpler, and for cattle, at least, much better. It consists merely of a system of notches in the ear by which you can make any number you like from one up into the thousands. Any punch will answer that makes a notch or hole large enough to see or feel distinctly. It may be round, square or triangular, but the punch cutting a round hole is much the cheapest. The punch used for putting in tags answers the purpose.

I do not know who is the author of the system, but I presume there is no patent on it. Assuming the animal to be looking toward you the notches with their values are as follows:



It will be seen that with a few notches you can indicate any number, which can be read by a blind man, cannot well be removed without defacing the ear and cannot loose. Suppose you wish to indicate the number fourteen. Ten, three and one make it. Six hundred and sixty-three would be indicated by 500; 100, 60 and 3, or 400, 200, 60 and 3, and so on. The notches always figure up, by addition of their values, a definite number.—J. McLain Smith, in Breeders' Gazette.

Indirect Fertilizers.

There are substances that in themselves do not furnish the plant any needed ingredient for growth, but when applied to the soil assist materially in augmenting the crop. One of the best illustrations of this class of fertilizers is common salt. Lime is another substance rarely lacking in the soil, but when added assists in setting free other substances that are much needed by the growing plants, that otherwise would not have become available for the crop. Water is added in irrigation not as a fertilizer but because it is the great solvent in nature and the vehicle of transfer of the various substances that go to build up a plant when entering it from the soil water.—American Agriculturist.

Wide Awake for October

Has a pleasure in store for all young lovers of English literature in the form of a narrative by Miss C. H. Garland called "The Maidens of the Lakes" (Dorothy Wordsworth, Edith Southey, and Sara Coleridge), lovely girls, to whom Wordsworth addressed his poem, "The Triad;" with portraits of the three girls, and other illustrations. "The Trouble Grandpa Nature had with the Horse," by L. J. Bates, "Bee-Hunting," by Rowland E. Robinson, and "A Joint Snake," by E. Olin, are three peculiarly interesting Natural History articles. "A Night with Russian Wolves," a blood-curdling *true* story by Lieut.-Col. Thorndike, "Jessie's Chickens," a home-life story by Hattie Tyng Griswold, "Edith's Guinea-Pig," a travel story by Esther George, and "Bronson Company (Limited)," another home-life story by J. H. Jamieson, are very entertaining. A Moqui folk-tale of "The Genesis of Earth and Moon," a Norse folk-tale of "Why the Sea is Salt," the "Margaret-Patty Letter," the "Drawing of the Child Figure" (Miss Rimmer's art-paper) are readable and instructive. Margaret Sydney's Peppers Serial is intensely interesting this month. "Men and Things" is full of good original anecdotes, and there are many readable poems and enjoyable pictures, puzzles and the Children's Letter-Box. $2.40 a year, 20 cents a number. D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

JACK (the facetious)—"I wonder what state they run the lottery of love in!" Pauline (the cynical)—"In every state, I guess, except the married state."—N. Y. Herald.

Butler County Fair.

The famous Butler County Fair, the largest county fair in the country, occurs at Hamilton October 5 to 9 inclusive. The program and display this year promises to excel all previous efforts. The C., H. & D. will sell excursion tickets from Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lima, Delphos, Wellston and all intermediate stations, to Hamilton and return, at one fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale October 5 to 9, good returning until October 10 inclusive.

NO WONDER highwaymen are so numerous in this country, when every schoolboy on declamation day is taught to "stand and and deliver."—Texas Siftings.

WISE men hesitate—only fools are certain.—Texas Siftings.

A TWO-FOOT RULE—don't wear tight shoes.

THE question of the hour—what time is it?—Drake's Magazine.

PAIN will frequently transform a child into a groan person.

IT does no good to take a stand and then run off with it.—Dallas News.

A LITTLE man never looks so big to the world as he does when he stands on a bag of money.—Ram's Horn.

IT is a bight of the sea that indents the coast.—Boston Courier.

THE raw oyster is a fine study in open work.—Washington Star.

"LAST but not leased," said the landlord, as he looked at the vacant house.—Washington Star.

WHEN a man has the nature of a sheep he has an easy time of it curbing his impetuosity.—Texas Siftings.

WHEN a woman is as good as pie she will not make tart answers.—N. O. Picayune.

AN old sad sea dog is probably a dismantled ocean grayhound.—Peoria Transcript.

WALLACE—"You've been losing flesh lately, haven't you?" Willis—"Yes. I've been shaving myself."

THE bookmaker at the races keeps a running account with his customers.—Washington Star.

THE tree is known by its fruit, but you can't tell a whiffle-tree that way.—Binghamton Leader.

"WELL, this is a cell on me," said the convict, despondently, as the warden turned the key in his door.—Buffalo Enquirer.

"WHAT is that in your vest pocket, James?" "Bless my soul, I've brought away the bath house towel!"—N. Y. Press.

"German Syrup"

Croup. We have selected two or three lines from letters freshly received from parents who have given German Syrup to their children in the emergencies of Croup. You will credit these, because they come from good, substantial people, happy in finding what so many families lack—a medicine containing no evil drug, which mother can administer with confidence to the little ones in their most critical hours, safe and sure that it will carry them through.

ED. L. WILLITS, of Alma, Neb. I give it to my children when troubled with Croup and never saw any preparation act like it. It is simply miraculous.

MRS. JAS. W. KIRK, Daughters' College, Harrodsburg, Ky. I have depended upon it in attacks of Croup with my little daughter, and find it an invaluable remedy.

Fully one-half of our customers are mothers who use Boschee's German Syrup among their children. A medicine to be successful with the little folks must be a treatment for the sudden and terrible foes of childhood, whooping cough, croup, diphtheria and the dangerous inflammations of delicate throats and lungs. ⊕

Cheap Excursion Rates via Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Ry.

The Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway announces a Harvest Excursion at greatly reduced rates to principal points in the West, Northwest, Southwest and South, on September 29th, tickets good for thirty days and covering the greatest variety of routes.

For rates, maps and other information pertaining to this popular route call on or address any ticket agent.

"I WANT a drink" means one thing in the country and something else in town.—Galveston News.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

There is a 3 inch display advertisement in this paper, this week, which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week, from The Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word and they will return you book, beautiful lithographs or samples free.

THE girl who has had a faithless lover should be sharper next time; she is a cutlass.—Lowell Courier.

Three Harvest Excursions.

The Burlington route, C., B. & Q. R. R., will sell from principal stations on its lines, on Tuesdays, August 25 and Sept. 15 and 29, Harvest Excursion Tickets at *Low Rates* to principal cities and points in the Farming Regions of the West, Southwest and Northwest. For tickets and further information concerning these excursions, call on your nearest C., B. & Q. ticket agent, or address P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

THE hen that sets on a porcelain egg may not accomplish much, but she has honest intentions.—Texas Siftings.

IF you are tired taking the large old fashioned griping pills, try Carter's Little Liver Pills and take some comfort. A man can't stand everything. One pill a dose. Try them.

HORSES prefer to be stabled on the installment plan.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

FOR a Cough or Sore Throat the best medicine is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

THE girl of the period—the lady compositor.—Boston Transcript.

NEVER fail to cure sick headache, often the very first dose. This is what is said by all who try Carter's Little Liver Pills.

EATEN out of house and home—picnic lunches.—Boston News.

ONE ENJOYS

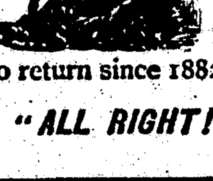
Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR'S WORK IS PLEASANT!
Pays good wages and leads to the highest positions. We teach it quickly and start our graduates in railroad or commercial service. Crops are splendid. Railroads are very busy. Operators are in great demand. WRITE FOR CIRCULARS.
Valentine's School of Telegraphy, Janesville, Wis.

IN 15 MINUTES.



I suffered severely with face neuralgia, but in 15 minutes after application of ST. JACOBS OIL was asleep; have not been troubled with it since.
No return since 1882. F. B. ADAMS, Perry, Mo.

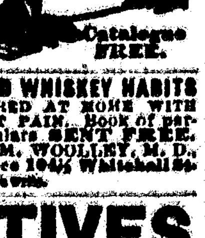
"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

About seven years ago I had Bronchitis, which finally drifted into Consumption, so the doctors said, and they had about given me up. I was confined to my bed. One day my husband went for the doctor, but he was not in his office. The druggist sent me a bottle of Piso's Cure for Consumption. I took two doses of it, and was greatly relieved before the doctor came. He told me to continue its use as long as it helped me. I did so, and the result is, I am now sound and well—entirely cured of Consumption.—Mrs. P. E. BAKER, Harrisburg, Illinois, February 20, 1891.

I have had Catarrh for many years, but never found anything that did me any good until I concluded to try Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. After using it a few times I found great relief, and would not be without it now.—Miss BELLE WOODRUFF, Lawler, Iowa, July 21, 1891.

R. M. BARTLETT'S Commercial College
OWING TO INCREASED PATRONAGE This College has removed to the largest building in the city, suitable for educational purposes, occupying the entire building above the ground floor. Oldest, largest and cheapest in the world. Send for illustrated catalogue. Nos. 102, 104 and 106 W. Fourth Street, Cincinnati.

BORE WELLS with our famous Well Machinery. The only perfect self-cleaning and fast-dropping tools in use. LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO.



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Wanted in every County to act in the Secret Service under instructions from Capt. Grannan, ex-Chief of Detectives of Cincinnati. Experience not necessary. Particulars free. Address Grannan Detective Bureau Co. 44 Arcade, Cincinnati, O.

RAG WEAVERS SHOULD SEND AT ONCE FOR OUR LARGE CATALOGUE of FLYING-SHUTTLE **CARPET** LOOMS. We have 300 testimonials and 25 sworn affidavits that EXCEED FIFTY YARDS PER DAY. Address C. N. NEWCOMB, DAVENPORT, IOWA. **LOOM.**
NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

Watch Out

Tower's Improved **SLICKER** is Guaranteed Absolutely Water-proof. Will not Peel, Leak or Stick. All Improved Slickers have beside the Fish Brand TRADEMARK on every Coat a Soft Woolen Watch Out! Collar. Send for Catalogue. A. J. TOWER, MFR. BOSTON, MASS.

WANTED AGENTS, either sex, goods sell at sight, honesty only capital required. Address BERG & CO., 2000 Chamb. of Commerce, Chicago, Ill.
NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

A. N. K.—E. 1362

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THE HERALD,

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER, 3 1891.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r

PRICE $1.25 PER ANNUM.

A spring that gushes fourth soda water has been discovered in Oregon.

Look out for colder weather. There will be a fall in mercury as a well nigh inexhaustible mine of it has been discovered in Brazil.

Look out for colder weather. There will be a fall in mercury, as a well-nigh inexhaustible mine of it has been discovered in Brazil.

A spring that gushes forth soda water has been discovered in Oregon. By the way, what has become of the cheese mine discovered in Iowa last winter?

Edward Honeywell of New York, was in debt. He had such a high sense of honor that, rather than to have his creditors fail to receive what was their due, he stole to pay them.

Emperor William has been measured for a new golden crown. If his "highendedness" were taken into account in the making of it, it would have to be about the size of one of the rings of Saturn.

It is claimed that a Boston proof-reader has been sentenced to the work house for 30 days, for failing to mark out a comma where none was wanted. That is compulsory education with a vengeance.

If drunkenness, which has always been deemed a sin, can be cured by a few injections of bi-chloride of gold, why may not all moral obliquities succumb to medical treatment, and the devil be doctored out of this fair world.

The other day two lots at Fort Chandler, Oklahoma, were offered for sale for a ham sandwich without finding a taker. Near Guthrie, Oklahoma, water is sold at 25 cents a glass. It is a queer country where water is more valuable than land.

To be killed by a blow one gives another is an unusal fatality. James Haley of New York, in defending his wife, struck a man in the mouth. His fingers were slightly abraded by the man's teeth. Blood poisoning set in and Haley is dead.

A Chinaman, having made a goodly sum of money in Mexico, wished to return to his native land as cheaply as possible, so he deliberately crossed to the United States that he might be captured and sent home to China at the expense of the United States.

The Chicago News refuses to be gulled with the fish story that Marie Jansen is to marry Courtney Bass, an English swell with a fortune of 3,000,000 pounds. It says that Miss Jansen may be an expert angler, but that to believe she has caught a three-million pound bass is exacting too much of credulity.

William Cotter, jr., democratic registrar of voters in Hartford, has a wonderful memory. Out of the 12,000 names on the list Mr. Carter is able to tell the residence and politics of every man, and in cases where a person has been absent in Europe, or staying in some other part of the country, to tell where and when he went away.

Uncle Sam is growing restive under the restrictions of the treaty made with England in 1817. By its provisions neither country can keep more than four war vessels at a time on the great lakes. Consequently, the United States cannot build vessels for its navy at any of the lake ports.

Little Bopeep didn't know where to find her sheep. Wisconsin doesn't know where to find her lost constitution. The original certified copy is gone and no one knows where. There are copies of what purports to be the constitution so far as wording is concerned, but there is no official proof that they are absolutely genuine copies.

There is a young man in Baltimore who is a veritable Samson. He lifted 600 pounds with his teeth, and pushed a freight car weighing 30,000 pounds along a switch—a good feat for eight ordinary men. Such gifts of strength are a fatal possession. One of these days we shall hear that the young man is a dead man.

B. F. Adams, of Columbus, Indiana, was not a believer in circuses. His wife insisted on attending one last week. He tried to dissuade her, but to no purpose, so he resolved that if she went to the circus she would also attend a funeral. He straightway went and poisoned himself.

Samuel Tillitson ran a passenger elevator in a lithographing establishment in New York. He is at present in a hospital where he will remain until the bones of his broken legs knit. In attempting to kiss one of his girl passengers he left the folding gate open and got caught between the elevator and the wall. He says that all his future kissing will be done outside of business hours.

A little boy in Jaffrey, N. H., would not have thrown an apple core at a horse had he known that he would shoot his playmates by so doing. But who so accute as to foresee the ultimate result of his actions? A team was left standing near a school house. In the wagon was a loaded shotgun. On being hit by the apple core the horse kicked the wagon and the movement of the wagon fired the gun, and the gun punctured the epidermis of five youngsters.

There is an old saying that "love laughs at locks." Love cried at them in Lincoln, Neb, the other day. Miss Nichols of Buffalo, was visiting the penitentiary in that city, in company with a relative, who is one of the executive officers of the state, when she uttered a scream at the sight of a convict. It was Frank Carroll, to whom she was engaged to be married He had gone west to seek his fortune, and had sought it by forgery.

Percival Chubb and Louise Walston of Decatur, Ill., were married on Thursday. There was never a more unique ceremony on American soil. The bride and groom are agnostics, and would not consent to have a minister marry them. A judge of the court of common pleas tied the knot, and in place of prayers selections were read from Thomas a Kempis Emerson, Ruskin and Shakespeare bearing on love and the married state.

The following articles were recently found in the stomach of a Georgia cow, which had not been in robust health for some time: "Thirty-five cents in money, an old Indian arrow head, a large variety of crockery ware sorts and sizes, the clasp and other parts of a pocket book, several silver and brass pieces of metal, a number of rocks of all colors and sizes, and stones of many curious and complex shapes." The cow was a paragon of deglutition, but it would have choked to death in the attempt to swallow this story.

Happy Hoosiers.

Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than any other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardener, hardware merchant, same town, says: Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50c. a bottle, at BIRDSWAY'S Drug Store. (2)

ANDREW JACKSON,

SUCCESSOR TO DUNLAP & CO.

—DEALER IN—

PINE LUMBER OF ALL KINDS.

A NEW STOCK OF

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SCREEN DOORS

A large stock, All sizes, Ready for hanging, at low prices. Estimates furnished on application, for anything in the line of Lumber.

Good Grades, Low Price.

CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES.

A. J. CRAWFORD, Xenia, O. J. H. LACKEY Jamestown, O.

Crawford & Lackey

BREEDS FANCY

Poland-China Hogs

We have for this season's trade some large growthy pigs of both sexes. Prices to suit the times. Also 3 extra Short-Horn bull calves. Call on, or address as above.

Proposed Amendment to the Constitution of Ohio.

TAXATION.

SECTION 1. Be it resolved by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, That a proposition shall be submitted to the electors of this State on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, 1891, to amend Section 2, of Article XII, of the Constitution of the State of Ohio, so that it shall read as follows:

ARTICLE XII.

SECTION 2. Laws may be passed which shall tax by a uniform rule all moneys, credits, investments in bonds, stocks, joint-stock companies, or otherwise; and all real and personal property according to the true value thereof in money. In addition thereto, laws may be passed taxing rights, privileges, franchises, and such other subject matters as the legislature may direct: but burying-grounds, public school-houses, houses used exclusively for public worship, institutions of purely public charity, public property used exclusively for any public purpose, and other property may by general laws, be exempted from taxation; and the value of all property so exempted shall, from time to time, be ascertained and published as may be directed by law.

SECTION 2. At such election, those electors desiring to vote for such amendment may have placed upon their ballots the words "Taxation Amendment—Yes," and those opposed to such amendment may have placed upon their ballots the words "Taxation Amendment—No."

SECTION 3. This amendment shall take effect on the first day of January, 1892.

NIAL R. HYSELL,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.
WM VANCE MARQUIS,
President of the Senate.

Adopted April 24, 1891.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, OHIO, OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

I, Daniel J. Ryan, Secretary of State of the State of Ohio, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of a joint resolution adopted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, on the 24th day of April A. D. 1891, taken from the original rolls filed in this office. In testimony whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed my official seal, at Columbus the 25th day of April, A. D. 1891.

[SEAL.] DANIEL J. RYAN,
Secretary of State.

WE HAVE BARGAINS

THAT

That Have A Fruitful Meaning To Buyers

IN

Household and kitchen Furniture. When cleaning house this fall you will find you need a new parlor or chamber suite. It is then we can do you good. We have an elegant line to select from and will guarantee prices.

BARR & MORTON.

It may be you will need the services of

Undertakers

or practical embalmers. If so we guarantee good service.

BARR & MORTON.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE HERALD

A cordial invitation is extended to you to examine the elegant

NEW STOCK

being received now. A complete line of fine

Dress Suitings,

all the latest styles together with every grade of fine

Business Suits, Overcoats, Pantings, Gents Furnishing Goods.

Our prices, like quality in fine goods can not be excelled.

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XENIA, - - - OHIO.

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The Xenia Jeweler

Has in stock a fine line of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELERY and

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The finest line of Optical Goods in Greene County. A Specialty made of Brazilian Pebble Spectacles in Gold, Silver and Steel frames. They confer a brilliancy and distinctness of vision, with an amount of ease and comfort, seldom enjoyed by spectacle wearers.

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THE HERALD.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER, 3 1891.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r

PRICE. $1.25 PER ANNUM.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Covenantor Church.—Rev T. C. Sproul, Pastor. Regular services at 11:00 a m; Sabbath school at 10:00 a m.

R. P. Church.—Rev. J. F. Morton, pastor. Services at 11:00 a m; Sabbath school at 10:00 a m.

M. E. Church.—Rev. G. L. Tufts, pastor. Preaching at 10:45 a m: Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.; class. 3:00 p. m.; Young People's meeting at 7:00 p m: prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:00

U. P. Church.—Rev. J. C. Warnock, pastor. Services at 11:00 a m and 7 p m; Sabbath school at 10:00 a m

A. M. E. Church.—Rev. A. C. Spivey pastor. Services at 11:00 a m and 7:00 p m each Sabbath; Sabbath school 8:00 a m.

Baptist Church.—Rev. D. M Turner, pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11a m, and 7:00 p m; Sabbath School at 2:00 o'clock p m; Prayer meeting Wednesday night.

INTELLIGENT ANIMALS.

Instances of Reasoning Power In Elephants.

The Careful Manner in Which They Guard Children in Their Native Country—A Peculiar Trait of the Mammoth Brute.

"Every one knows that the elephant can be trained to do all kinds of work," says Thomas W. Knox in his volume entitled "Horse Stories and Stories of Other Animals." "While I have no hesitation about relating instances bearing on this statement, I prefer to tell of occurrences which indicate no actual reasoning power in the animal.

"It is customary in the settlements to water the cattle from large wooden buckets filled with water pumped from a well. This is done that they may not drink the water of the reservoirs, which is stagnant and unwholesome. Ordinarily the pumping is done at early morning by one of the elephants, the work taking nearly an hour. Accustomed to the task, he does not wait to be ordered, and every morning, an hour before sunrise, he is at his labor with the precision of a living alarm-clock.

"I was staying once at Trichinopoly, at the house of a friend of mine, a merchant, who owned a grand villa a few leagues outside the city. The sun was rising, and my servant had just awakened me for my bath. Passing through the yard I saw a large white elephant working at the pump. He closed his eyes sadly, and was apparently trying to turn his thoughts from his wearisome labor. He saluted my presence with a joyful flapping of his ears, for during the two days since my arrival I had given him many dainties, but he did not cease from his work, which had to be finished.

"I was stroking him with my hand in passing, when I noticed that one of the two planks which supported the bucket on either side had fallen away. It thus happened that the bucket, being upheld on one side only, spilled its contents, without a possibility of being filled.

"The elephant did not think that his work was ended because one side of the bucket was filled; nor did he attempt the impossible feat of trying to fill the other side until both sides were even. In a few minutes the water commenced to run from the lower side of the bucket and the animal began to show signs of uneasiness; nevertheless, he continued to pump. Soon, however, he dropped the handle, and drew nearer to observe the cause of the trouble. He returned to the pump three times, each time coming back to examine the bucket. I awaited the end of this strange scene with unflagging interest. All at once a waving of the ears seemed to indicate that an idea had occurred to him.

"He came over to lift up the plank that had fallen away, and for a moment I thought that he intended to put it back in its place under the lower side of the bucket. But he was not troubled about the lower side, which was already filled with water: it was the other side which annoyed him. Lifting the bucket carefully, he supported it for a moment with one of his great feet, while with his trunk he pulled out the second plank and placed the bucket on solid earth, thus making it even on all sides. This done, the labor of filling it was easy.

"The elephant is much attached to the women and children in the villages, and it would be dangerous for a stranger to make even an unfriendly gesture in the presence of this animal.

"It is a remarkable sight to see him guard his master's children in their promenades; he watches every thing; beasts, serpents, turf pits and swamps, in fact, any danger which may be imagined is overcome by his presence. His pace is regulated by that of the children, and he attends them, gathering flowers, fruit from the trees and sugar canes at a motion from one of them he will break a tree branch if one desires to make a whip or cane. At the slightest noise which he does not understand, if he sees a jackal or hyena in the distant thicket, he instantly gathers his brood under his trunk, commences to roar with rage, and any thing, lion, tiger or man, which threatens harm to his charges, is in danger of being dashed to the ground.

"In the lowlands of the Ganges, a swampy country covered with jungles and rice fields, the royal Bengal tiger is found of great size and ferocity. The combats between this terrible beast and the elephant, guarding the cattle, servants or children of his master, are of almost daily occurrence. The royal Bengal tiger is so fierce that he never refuses to fight his adversary, although the end of the combat generally finds him crushed to death under the feet of his terrible enemy. In spite of the fact that the elephant is an unpitying foe in his battles with the tiger, bear or rhinoceros, he never molests the smaller, inoffensive animals. No matter what power a keeper may have over him, it is impossible to make him crush an insect.

"There is a little insect which children in France call 'les betes a bon Dieu.' The same insect is found in India, but growing to a size twice as large as in France. I have often seen one of these little creatures placed on a level surface, in the troughs of a yard, for instance. I have seen the elephant ordered to crush the insect, but never, for master or driver, would he lift his foot above it in passing by, evidently avoiding any opportunity to do harm. If, on the contrary, he is commanded to bring it to you, he will pick it up delicately with his trunk and place it in your hands without bruising its wings."

STUTTERING SCHOLARS.

Large Numbers of Them in the Public Schools of Germany.

Some alarm has been created in Germany by the recent publication of the official report and statistics of education, which show that among the children now attending the public schools in Emperor William's dominions there are no less than eighty thousand afflicted with the defect of speech known as stammering. The city of Breslau alone, says the Chicago Mail, contributes a quota of twenty-four hundred stuttering children to the total; and in some places the number of stammerers attains the large proportion of ten per cent. of the school attendance.

Realizing the growth as well as the gravity of the mischief, the German government has for some months past devoted considerable attention to the subject, and has gathered together much interesting information about the matter. The most valuable report is that contributed by Dr. Gutzmann, so well known throughout the world for his successful teachings of deaf mutes, and whose absence from the international convention of instructors of deaf mutes recently in session in New York was a matter of sincere regret to the delegates.

According to Dr. Gutzmann, whose report has been adopted and published by the German government, involuntary mimicry plays a great part in stuttering. Like yawning, it is catching. The quicker a child is and the more imitative, the more apt it is to imbibe any defects of speech on the part of those by whom it is surrounded. Conclusive evidence of the contagious nature of stammering is to be found in the fact that the number of stutterers in a school increases steadily as the children pass upward from class to class. In the public schools of Berlin, for instance, the number of stammerers among the children in the lowest class was 0.52 of the total force of the class. This proportion rose from year to year, as the children passed upward in the educational scale, until in the highest class the percentage was discovered to be 1.61, or more than three times the number found when the same children were in the lowest class.

Comprehending that it would be only with special care and particular precaution on the part of the teachers that the public schools could be prevented from becoming centers for the propagation of the grave defect of stuttering, the German government has encouraged Dr. Gutzmann to start a special course of scientific instruction for public school-teachers showing them how to deal with the stammerers, and the public schools in all parts of Germany have now sent teachers to Berlin for the purpose of acquiring Dr. Gutzmann's method. So satisfied is the emperor with the latter that he has taken a leading part in securing its general adoption by all the educational institutions in his dominions.

Two Egyptians, dark-skinned and fez-topped, boarded a downtown train on the Sixth avenue elevated road a few days ago, says a New York paper. They took seats near the door. One of them produced a piece of paper and a pencil. On the paper were eleven straight lines an inch in height. An inch of space separated them. As the train stopped at Fifty-ninth street the Egyptian drew the pencil obliquely through the first line. The other man watched the operation intently and nodded approval. At each station a line was turned into an X until Eighth street was reached, when they were all X's but one. There the pair left the train. That was the Egyptian way of finding the right station. Some philanthropist counted the stations between Seventy-second and Eighth streets and gave them the paper and pencil, with instructions.

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KA-TON-KA, the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator and Tonic ever known, is prepared in Nature's Laboratory by Nature's Children—the Warm Spring Indians of the Pacific Slope, among whom its preparation has been a sacred legacy from generation to generation for unnumbered years. It is purely vegetable, and goes directly to the seat of nine-tenths of the ills of humanity—the blood—and its wonderful work of restoration begins with the first dose, health and strength surely following.

KA-TON-KA CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Constipation, Kidney Disease, Fever and Ague, and all similar ailments. Price $1 per bottle, 6 for $5. Ask your druggist for it, and if he does not keep it, accept no substitute, but send direct to the proprietors. The Oregon Indian Medicine Company, Corry, Pa.

G. L. PAINE, D. D. S. EZRA REYNOLDS, D. D. S

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Vitalized Air and Nitrous Oxide Gas used for the PAINLESS Extraction of Teeth.

BANK OF CEDARVILLE

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Individual assets principally invested in Real Estate $200,000.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung affections also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it this receipt in German French or English with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 820 Power's Block Rochester, N. Y. 20-1yr.

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Merchant Tailor,

NO 10 N. DETROIT STREET

XENIA, O.,

Before you buy your suit. Overcoat or Pants for Fall; see KANY THE TAILOR he has a full line of Foreign and Domestic goods always on hand to select from. Perfect fitting garments and first class work guaranteed at a reasonable price.

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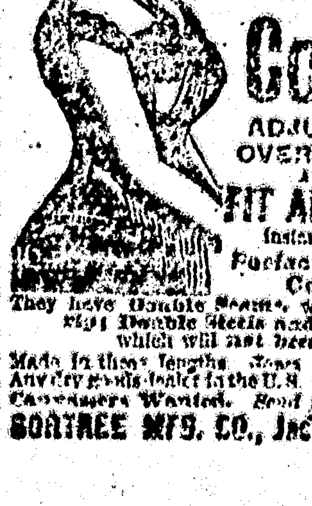
Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains corns and all skin eruptions, and positive y cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents a box. For sale by B. G. Ridgeway's

THE MUCH-DESIRED LONG WAIST and PERFECT HIP EFFECT can only be produced successfully by wearing

THE DUPLEX Corset



ADJUSTABLE OVER THE HIP AND WILL FIT ANY FORM instantly, giving Perfect Ease and Contour. They have Double Seams, which will not rip; Double Steels and Bones, which will not break.

Made in three lengths. Jeans and Sateen. Any dry goods dealer in the U. S. can supply you. Canvassers Wanted. Send for Catalogue. COATREE MFG. CO., Jackson, Mich.

Cincinnati Division.

Pennsylvania Lines.

Schedule of Passenger Trains—Central Time

Westward.	5 AM	21 AM	11 AM	9 PM	7 PM
Columbus ....lv.	*2 50	*8 00	†8 50	*1 55	†4 15
Alton .... "	.....	.....	†9 10	.....	†4 35
West Jefferson... "	.....	.....	9 20s	.....	4 45
London .... "	3 39	8 46	9 36	2 42	5 02
So. Charleston... "	3 57	9 02	9 54	3 00	5 21
Selma .... "	.....	.....	10 03	.....	†5 29
Cedarville .... "	.....	.....	10 14s	.....	†5 39
Wilberforce .... "	.....	.....	10 †22	.....	†5 47
Xenia .... ar.	4 30	9 28	10 30	3 30	5 55
Xenia .... lv.	4 35	9 33	10 35	3 35	6 00
Spring Valley.... "	.....	.....	10 47s	.....	†6 13
Roxanna .... "	.....	.....	10 †51	.....	†6 20
Waynesville .... "	†4 58	.....	10 59s	.....	6 31
Oregonia .... "	.....	.....	11 10	.....	†6 41
Fort Ancient.... "	.....	.....	11 †16	.....	†6 47
Morrow .... "	5 20	10 15	11 25	4 20	7 00
South Lebanon.. "	.....	.....	11 33s	.....	†7 10
Loveland .... "	5 45	10 37	11 50	4 44	7 25
Milford .... "	.....	.....	12 10	.....	†7 43
Batavia Jc. .... "	.....	.....	12 †25	.....	b....
Cincinnati ....ar.	6 40 AM	11 20 AM	1 00 PM	5 30 PM	8 15 PM

Acc. Trains leave Morrow for Cin'ti and intermediate stations at †6.10, †8.12 a.m. †1.00 p.m.

Eastward.	10 AM	6 AM	12 PM	20 PM	2 PM
Cincinnati ....lv.	†5 00	*8 00	†4 15	*3 45	*8 00
Batavia Jc .... "	†5 30	.....	†4 45	.....	.....
Milford .... "	5 45	.....	5 00		.....
Loveland .... "	6 05	8 46	5 20	4 28	8 46
South Lebanon.. "	6 20	9 00	5 36	.....	.....
Morrow .... "	6 30	9 10	5 45	4 50	9 10
Fort Ancient.... "	6 40	.....	†5 55	.....	.....
Oregonia .... "	6 46	.....	6 01	.....	.....
Waynesville .... "	6 55s	.....	6 10	.....	.....
Roxanna .... "	†7 04	.....	†6 20	.....	.....
Spring Valley.... "	7 08s	.....	6 23	.....	.....
Xenia .... ar.	7 20	9 57	6 35	5 30	10 00
Xenia .... lv.	7 30	10 02	6 40	5 40	10 05
Wilberforce .... "	†7 38	.....	†6 47	.....	.....
Cedarville .... "	7 45s	.....	6 53	.....	.....
Selma .... "	7 55	.....	7 03	.....	.....
So. Charleston ... "	8 05	10 †31	7 12	.....	.....
London .... "	8 26	10 46	7 31	6 29	10 55
West Jefferson... "	8 47s		7 50	.....	.....
Alton .... "	8 55	.....	8 00	.....	.....
Columbus ....ar.	9 15 AM	11 30 AM	8 20 PM	7 10 PM	11 40 PM

Acc. Trains leave Cin'ti for Morrow and intermediate stations at †11.15 a.m. †1.30, †5.20 p.m.

Between Springfield, Xenia and Dayton.

Westward.	1	21 AM	11	9 PM	7	3 PM
Springfield ...lv.		*8 45		†2 45		*7 10
Yellow Springs. "		9 03		3 07		7 31
Xenia .... ar.	AM	9 25	AM	3 30	PM	7 55
Xenia .... lv.	*6 45	9 35	†10 35	*3 35	†6 00	8 05
Dayton .... ar.	7 35	10 15	11 10	*4 25	6 35	8 35
Dayton .... lv.	7 35	10 15	AM	†4 25	PM	8 35
Richmond .... "	9 00 AM	11 25 AM		6 00 PM		10 10 PM

Eastward.	10 AM	6 AM	12	20 PM	8 PM
Richmond .... lv.	†5 00	*7 40		*3 50	*7 45
Dayton .... ar.	6 35	9 20	PM	5 02	9 15
Dayton .... lv.	6 35	9 20	†2 55	5 02	9 15
Xenia .... ar.	7 15	9 57	3 30	5 35	9 55
Xenia .... lv.	7 25	10 05	PM	5 40	PM
Yellow Springs. "	†7 46	10 28		6 01	
Springfield ....ar.	8 05 AM	10 50 AM		6 20 PM	

* Daily. † Except Sunday. ‡ Meals.

s Sunday stop. b Stops to discharge passengers received east of Loveland.

Dark Faced Type denotes time from 1.00 p. m. to 1.00 a. m.; Light Faced from 1.00 a. m. to 1.00 p. m.

Pullman Sleeping Cars on **Nos. 2, 5, 6, 9, 20 and 21** either run through via Columbus and Pittsburgh or connect through Pittsburgh Union Station to and from Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York. **Nos. 1, 9 and 21 connect at Richmond** for Indianapolis and St. Louis: **Nos. 21 and 3** for Chicago: **No. 9** for Logansport.

JOSEPH WOOD, General Manager, E. A. FORD, General Passenger Agent, 8-2-'91.-P PITTSBURGH, PENN'A.

For timecards, rates of fare, through tickets, baggage checks, and further information regarding the running of trains apply to any Agent of the Pennsylvania Lines.

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OFFICE OF DITTOE & GALLIN,
Dealers in fine horses, Columbus, O..

GENTLEMEN—Early last spring one of our horses was seriously injured by being kicked. Arabian Oil was recommended to us and we gave it a trial. The result was not only satisfactory, but surprising. The wound healed rapidly, and the animal was ready for use in a few days. Since that time we have by its use cured a number of cases of scratches and removed some bad cases of curb. Arabian Oil is undoubtedly the best general Stock Liniment that we ever used, and we advise *Farmers* and Horsemen to keep a supply of it in their stables at all times. Yours Respectfully, DITTOE & GALLIN.

We offer $100 for a case of Scratches Arabian Oil will not cure. For sale by B. G. Ridgway.

CHAS. E. SMITH'S

Is the place for you to get a smooth shave or a stylish hair cut.

Over The Bank of Cedarville.

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Attorney At Law.

NO. 9 EAST MAIN STREET, OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.

MEADOW BROOK STOCK FARM.

Aberdeen-Angus Cattle

For sale. A choice lot of young bulls; also a fine lot of grade heifers for sale at very reasonable prices. Come and see them and be convinced of their merits, or write to

D. Bradfute & Son,
Cedarville O.

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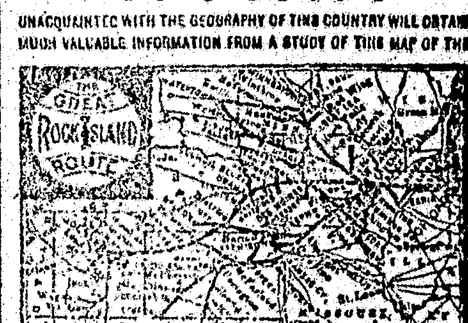

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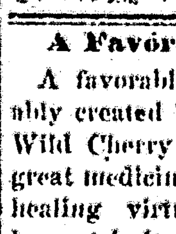

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The Cedarville Herald.

W. H. BLAIR, Publisher.

CEDARVILLE, : : : OHIO.

THE QUESTIONING HEART.

Shall we remember when—life at an end,
Freed from its turmoil and haunting unrest—
Only the grasses our dust shall befriend,
Green and blossoming over our breast?
All of the sorrow and passion and pain,
Madness of anger and useless regret?
Toil that was futile and hopes that were vain?
Shall we remember—or shall we forget?

You, whose dear eyes looking deep in our own,
Opened the gates to a world of delight,
Faithfullest guides when we wandered alone
Out mid the terrors of shadow and night,
Will the bond break when the garment of clay
Falls from the soul where its impress is set?
In the strong light of eternity's day
Shall we remember—or shall we forget?

Shall we remember the winter's despair,
Earth and the heavens unheeding our cry?
Visions of spring-time, enchanting and fair;
Moon-beam and star-beam against the blue sky?
All that is lovely and all that is pure,
Cares of the commonplace, worry and fret?
What shall we part from and what shall endure?
What must we cherish and what may forget?

Vainly we question. Oblivion's veil
Slowly is shrouding the past we have known;
Faint grow the echoes of sob and of wail;
Dust at our feet are the idols outgrown.
Hearts that have taught us love's blessing and pain,
Eyes that with tears for our woes have been wet,
Voices that thrilled with hope's deathless refrain,
These, Heaven grant we may never forget!
—Sarah D. Hobart, in Ladies' Home Journal.

A ROMANCE
—OF—
TWO BROTHERS.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT,

AUTHOR OF "THE CONFESSIONS OF CLAUD," "AN AMBITIOUS WOMAN," "THE EVIL THAT MEN DO," "A NEW YORK FAMILY," ETC.

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CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

When he came back to dinner he found her unwontedly grave. A large tradesman's bill had just been sent in, and she told him of it with a meaning sigh. He answered her so blithely and indifferently that she stared at him in cold surprise. The boys were more jocund and clamorous than usual, and once or twice she reprimanded them with a frown and a sharp word; but Maynard playfully took their parts and even craved grace for them as regarded a second helping of dessert, while they watched him with astonished eyes, knowing well that papa was never frosty like mamma and yet that such tropical clemency in him was plainly rare. After dinner it was still bright with all the limpid lure of an English vernal gloaming. The boys went out into the ivied garden, and their merry voices came to Maynard as he waited for the moment in which the interview should begin. His wife gave a few orders to the maid, and then, was quitting the room, when he softly went up to her side and said in a low voice:

"I want a little talk with you. I mean *now*. Will you come into that den of mine? I'd rather speak there, if you don't mind."

She turned and looked at him in a surprised and petulant way. "I had some things to mend," she answered. "I'm behind in my mending. You see, we can only afford two servants."

He smiled, and put his hand on her shoulder. "Soon it will not be like that with us, Georgina."

She bit her lip, and a keen gleam pricked the dullness of her eyes. "What do you mean?" she asked.

He almost whispered his next words, now, for the maid was still present, making her little official tinkles with the glasses and forks of the deserted dinner-table.

"I mean that I've a great and precious secret to tell you, my dear. At times my breath almost fails me as I think of it. A kind of accident has put me in the way of making an immense discovery—one that shall not merely enrich you and me, but one that shall be a priceless boon to the whole world!"

CHAPTER II.

She watched him for a few seconds as though it had suddenly become known to her that he had gone mad. Then, obeying a little gesture that he made, she followed him and went with him into the dusty, belittered room where he had squandered, as it seemed to her, so many half-idle hours. Maynard closed the window, for too strong a breeze blew into the chamber. As he did so he watched a sunset that was simply one luminous orange haze, against which rose clusters of those red chimney-pots which invest with charm the forlornest London purlieus. Then he suddenly turned, and saw that his wife had seated herself. This seemed a concession, and he at once paid heed to it by dropping into a seat opposite her. She did not look conciliatory; she did not even look indulgent. But he strove not to care how she either looked or felt, and flung one hand with intimate abandonment toward the chaos of scientific utensils that filled the room.

"You see all these, Georgina? Well, I've gathered more than you guess from my long association with them. I need not tell you how strong was my passion for science when I first came over sea to Cambridge. At Columbia College in New York I had convinced myself that I could excel as a chemist, a physicist, a man of eager search into the actual."

"Oh, you need not tell me *this*, Egbert. I know it well enough. Why should I not?"

"But you thought it all waste of time after you had—I mean, after we were married. . . . Well, pursuing these studies, I became specially fond of the wonderful and enticing ways of electricity. It happened, about four years ago, that I employed this great and mystic force during a series of essays in the line of chemical analysis. One day I drew back frightened from the result of a certain experiment."

"Frightened?" repeated Georgina. She was clearly interested.

Instantly Maynard felt himself thralled by a very enthusiasm of narration. He again began to speak with great nimbleness of tongue, but with sorry disregard of his auditor. Presently Georgina stopped him, a ring of fatigue in her tones.

"I don't understand your technical terms, Egbert. They confuse me. But am I right in deducing from what you've already said that you found a certain new kind of electricity never even conceived of before?"

He nodded eagerly. "Yes—yes; that's just it. I'll be simpler; I should have been simpler when I first spoke. Of course you have seen toward what my preamble tended; you're too intelligent not to have seen. One single eternal principle of life spreads through the whole universe. That principle, that essence, no mortal has ever yet attained. To attain it, as I soon shall do, would in many cases have been defiance of death. For such an elixir—"

"Elixir?" his wife broke in, with a faint, jeering laugh. "That has a very familiar sound, and not at all a credible one."

He bowed, with curt, swift acquiescence. "Oh, yes. No doubt I used the wrong word. It has a Cagliostro-like echo, I admit. But I don't mean that sort of thing a bit, Georgina. I have accomplished, in a partial way, the liquefaction of electricity. It is a fluid, as we scientists have always more or less supposed. But none of us have thus far been able to find out any thing concerning it except its effects. It always hitherto, *has been*, so to speak; we never presumed to say of it that *it is* anywhere. But I have imprisoned it in an actual liquid, through processes of

"YOU SEE ALL THESE, GEORGINA?"

molecular and atomic fusion with that one elemental body which I have chanced to see that it loves, clings to, and is conquered by. But as yet my achieved results are not wholly triumphant. The liquid I have obtained is still too volatile. It evaporates with enormous rapidity; it needs a third force to slip in and prevent this continual disjunctive trend. Such a force I am on the threshold of finding. It will not be hard to find. I almost divine it at this moment. I have crossed the threshold of a superb conquest; I pause, as it were, in the antechamber. And I have paused intentionally. Do you know why? The excitement has been too intense. I wish to have my triumph shared with me. Will not you share it? Will not you rejoice with me in this magnificence of discovery, greater than man has ever yet approached, however he may in past years have dreamed, through trust in fable and superstition, that he might possibly reach it?"

Georgina had drooped her head a little and pressed her lips tightly together. Those words "fable" and "superstition" met her ears with an ominous note. She remembered (had she ever forgotten?) the abhorred skepticism of her husband.

"You mean, then," she slowly said, "that you may soon discover a power to prolong *human* life beyond its natural term?"

"Yes—I mean that," he replied, with vehemence, "and I mean more."

"More?"

"There is no reason—none whatever—why a human being with no organic disease or lesion, should not live forever, while fed and buoyed by this splendid stimulus. I—"

"Hush," she interrupted, rising. Her face was very pale, and her features twitched a little as she framed her next sentence. "I am sorry that you've told me anything of this. I didn't ask you to tell it. But now that you've done so, Egbert, I can only assure you how impious it strikes me—what a shameful revolt it appears against the sacred laws of God!"

She rose, after this, and promptly swept from the room. Maynard could have cursed himself for telling her. The breach between them seemed in a few short minutes abysmally to have widened. He might have known that her mind would have taken some such view of his grand project. Thenceforth every hint of his old love perishes. The last remnant of tenderness for this woman had given place to a dread lest she might seek to thwart and balk his designs. But soon he had controlled such dread and even scoffed at it. Still, he felt humiliated, insulted, slapped on the cheek. Were it not for the boys, he told himself, he would never willingly look again on the face of his wife.

He went out into the breezy starlit garden, where his sons' laughter had lately rang. They had gone into the house now, and were perhaps being undressed for bed by their mother, who had always strictly enforced upon them early hours. Ah, such a mother! Maynard shuddered there in the chill of the nearing night, and as he shuddered a pain darted through his chest and he coughed. Then, in a little while, the handkerchief which he put to his lips grew stained, and somewhat copiously, with blood. A pang of fear now thrilled him. What if he should die before completing his transcendant work? He had had that cough for years, and been careless about it. Possibly the very agitation through which he had just passed had developed a furtive lung weakness of whose real existence he had been but vaguely aware.

The last step in his great accomplishment had yet to be taken. He spent several hours of feverish work in his laboratory that night and went to bed feeling strangely feeble. The next day he visited a certain famous London physician, who told him things which he no sooner heard than he began to doubt them, after the fashion of countless consumptives. The mortal who suffers from any pulmonary ill seldom can see his own threatening doom. Still a young man, Maynard had been attacked with an arterial hemorrhage whose effects absolute rest might have appeased though never cured. But rest of any sort was precisely what he now refused to take. A double incentive hereafter swayed him. He desired to perfect his unparalleled drug, and he desired to use it upon his own impaired body. It could not endow him, he argued, with immunity from future disease, but it might prolong his life for many a decade by the intense nutriment it gave to other organs than those already harmed.

His wife watched his labors with cold disrelish. She perceived that his health was failing; he had never borne the look of a man free from all lurking malady, and now his glassy eyes and sunken cheeks told a somber tale. Always previously willing that his boys should go and come as they chose during his studies and experiments, he got into the habit of exiling them from his presence while he brooded and toiled. The two little fellows loved him very dearly and resented being thus proscribed. He would endeavor, at intervals, to console them for this hated denial, but often while giving them the fatherly caresses for which they both hungered in their pretty eagerness, he would either discern, or fancy that he discerned, a sort of smoldering disapproval on the part of their mother.

One day he said to himself, with a wild gladness: "It is found! I knew victory was waiting just beyond my reach, and I have put forth the one-needed effort and grasped it!" . . . That evening he poured into a large flask what he felt even more than firmly convinced was the energy, wondrously materialized and liquefied, which permeated, in its vital sovereignty, the entire universe. He was very unnerved and exhausted; he had worked for many hours without the least pause. It was nearly midnight, and he went to one of his windows, raising it recklessly, and letting a raw wind blow into the chamber from a clouded, opaque sky. On the sill of the window (which he forgot to close) was a wilted rose-bush in a common earthen pot. He drew the plant in from its cheerless ledge of shelter, and poured round its root some of the fluid which he had so lately distilled. Then he took a glass and made himself a potion from the same source. He seated himself beside the table on which he had placed the plant. He was about to lift the glass to his lips when something that a saner and less passionately excited mind might have called a mere vision of its own over-wrought powers, burst upon him with delicious violence of confirmation. The drooping stems revived; the faded leaves grew hardy and green; at the ends of the slim stems buds broke, and then swelled until pink petals gleamed between their dividing segments. At once these petals unfolded, and rich roses were born. It was the magic of the fairy tale suddenly turned real; it was the giving to necromancy an every-day gear. . .

But now what had suddenly happened? Maynard, with colorless face and straining eyes, leaned forward. The rose-bush was again its previous withered self. Just the same old dry, thorny stalk, and the same effete, blighted leafage! What did this re-transformation mean? Had he dreamed the fanciful and waked to the real? . . In another moment he rose, staggering; his brain whirled, and it seemed as if the floor dropped away from him in gulfs of darkness. Groping for the bell-rope, he pulled it twice or thrice. Then he sank . . sank . . It was not with any sense of painful fall, however; it was more as if arms caught him and let him gently down in their embrace. But he passionately recollected and craved the fluid. Where had he left it? Ah, he was incapable of thinking where. And yet he so wanted it, he so wanted it! . . But soon afterward—even sooner than his wife came hurrying into the room—he had ceased to know if he wanted it or not.

A great vein had burst. His life hung by a thread for days. All this while he was unconscious. Then came a time during which he saw distorted shapes about his bed, and among them the familiar, yet altered face of his wife. He strove to ask her for that cherished flask; did he fail to make his meaning known? He could not decide; she had not the look of one who even heard him, apart from heeding. There was a deadness of unconcern in her features more stolid to him than stone.

One day all the ghosts had withdrawn their grim shapes, and he found himself lying with clear intellect though strengthless frame. Georgina entered, and he saw her start a little as she bent her gaze upon him.

"You're better," he heard her say, as if she were talking of the weather having improved from rain to sunshine. "But you must not speak; you must not try to speak. The doctor forbids it." He did not try to speak. He had begun to think of his beloved flask again.

HIS WIFE CAME HURRYING INTO THE ROOM.

It might work marvels in him, though, of course, its fight with his disease must end in final defeat. Still, he wanted to do a certain thing regarding it. He yearned to enshrine the formula of its creative process in a sort of last will and testament for his eldest son, Sylvan. He wondered, as he lay there, mute and stirless, who "the doctor" was, and whether she had not called in his old friend, Ross Thorndyke.

Presently he found this true. As Thorndyke stood at his bedside (a fair, tall, stalwart man of his own age) Maynard feebly stretched forth one hand.

The young doctor took it, but at once commandingly, though softly, said:

"You musn't speak, Egbert. I'll get you paper and pencil, old fellow, if there's any thing you *must* tell me. But it's a great deal better for you not to bother your head about any thing in life for the next five days at least."

"I wish that you would bring me," Maynard was presently writing, "the large flask of white liquid which you will find in my study."

Thorndyke left the room and was gone a good while. "My dear Egbert," he said, on returning, "I can find no trace of the flask of which you speak. Could it possibly—?" and while Maynard interrupted him with a quick negative he lifted into sharp evidence several phials which he had brought from the laboratory.

Maynard had absolute confidence in Ross Thorndyke. They had been warm friends at Cambridge, and in a manner had continued so ever since. Two qualities in the young physician had always won his devout respect: Thorndyke had a crystal reasoning power and a veracity of robust vigor. To be at once so lucid-minded and so honorable was in

GERALD WOULD LAY HIS WARM CHEEK AGAINST THE THIN HAND.

itself a passport into Maynard's admiration. "I wish I could keep Ross up more than I do," he had often mused, "and not let him drop' as I somehow must." Still, since his marriage, Maynard had smoked a good many social pipes in the company of his friend, though latterly they had seen less and less of each other, as the big hum and bustle of London had seemed to slip separatively between them. While he now heard Dr. Thorndyke speak, an expression of pain touched Maynard's hueless face. He had swiftly suspected his wife of duplicity; he could not refrain from the belief that she had served him a horrid and stealthy trick.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Very Likely.

Teacher—What is the plural of child?

Tommy—Twins, I suppose.—Texas Siftings.

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She's the woman who gets well.
It's the woman who *won't* see and
won't believe who has to suffer,

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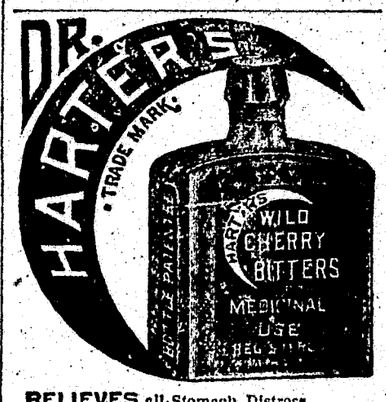

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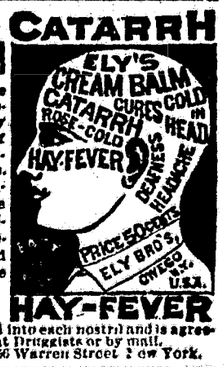

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HAY-FEVER

WRITE TO US FOR PROOFS.
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OUR HOME.

Beloved! when we pass away
From this familiar spot,
I wonder who will come and stay
In the deserted cot.
Beneath these elm trees who will stand
And think that home is sweet,
When we have gone into that land
Where parted households meet?

Oh! who will walk beside the stream,
Or sit beneath the pine,
To dream again life's little dream,
When 'tis not yours, nor mine.
Will some one fell my favorite tree,
Pull down the mossy wall,
The things so dear to you and me
Will they destroy them all?

Whose name will be on yonder door?
Whose pictures deck the walls?
Whose feet press roughly on the floor
Where your dear footstep falls?
And when the years to centuries swing,
Till all we love are dead,
Will any echo backward bring
The words that we have said?

I hope the brook down there will miss
An old familiar tune,
When in a happier home than this
We talk with all our own.
For oh! this little home is sweet,
Each corner is so dear,
Can Heaven without it be complete?
I would that Heaven were here.

I almost think that from the skies,
If I this home can see,
I shall watch those with envious eyes
Who live here after me.
"Hush! hush! we shall not care," you say;
Dear heart! it may be true:
We shall not then, but oh, to-day
My life is here, with you.
—Julia H. May, in Good Housekeeping.

A SET OF VIEWS.

They Go to Make Up a Romance in Real Life.

I.

AN INTERIOR.

"Going to the seaside? In November!" Emily had stooped to pick up her truant thimble, but now, like the good Æneas, she stood amazed, with eyes fixed on her companion as if *she* were an unexpected omen.

"Yes—it is odd," said Clara, gazing out of her window over the smooth western stretch of the lake; "but we must leave Chicago; and Uncle David has given mother and me the use of the town house in summer and the seaside cottage in winter. It's exceedingly good of him, but it *is* funny!"

"Dear! and Massachusetts! You'll be just lost to our crowd. Well, that rose is finished; how does it strike you?"

Clara felt chilled. Emily had been "*no end sorry*" that she and her mother had lost every dollar; had wept real tears when the time of separation had begun to seem near; and now she was smilingly asking her opinion of an embroidered rose.

With a girl's quick pride, however, she flung back two rising tears, and smiled responsively. "It is a dear—like you," she said; and no one would have guessed that she was disappointed. But in her heart was born a new need.

II.

TRAIN LEAVING CHICAGO.

"Hulloa! Brown! Wasn't aware *you* were aboard! Going east?"

"Good-morning, Mr. Willis; one doesn't go to California via the New York Central."

"Phew! Cynical bacteria in the air. You'd better come into the smoker and smoke them out."

There was something so irresistible in Harry Willis' good humor that most people yielded to it, more or less consciously. Some amiability is exasperating and seems to say: "See how cool I keep. Don't get excited!" But Harry seemed absolutely unaware that there was any sting in a spiteful remark. His mother had once said of him that he was like a lightning rod, a safe conductor for dangerous currents.

"That's all right!" Mr. Brown spoke less irritably, or, rather, as if his irritation had not been meant for Harry, but directed against the world in general. "But people do say so many things without any aim whatever—or with more aim than is apparent," he added, as if a new idea had struck him. "Did you really want to know if I took an east bound train in order to go east, or do you ask my destination?"

"Oh! pshaw!"—Harry made an effort to speak quite carelessly—"what's the use of shamming? You're bound for a certain point on the Massachusetts coast, and so am I. There's another point, figuratively speaking, that we're both bound for, too."

"Yes," responded Mr. Brown; "this train makes connections so that we reach Gloucester at eleven to-morrow morning. It's about five miles out to the *Point of View*. Which of us will get there first?"

"I think it would be a fair arrangement for us each to send Miss Klein a note, asking her for an interview. Then the choice of order would lie with her. See?"

"Very well, that's fair enough. But it's hardly necessary for us to torture each other in the meantime. I'll take the next section."

"Wait a minute. We will send the notes by mail when we reach Gloucester—start even?"

"Yes."

Mr. Brown strode into the next seat, and knit his black brows over a blank sheet of paper, on which he finally wrote with a lead-pencil which he handled quite firmly:

"DEAR MISS KLEIN: You promised me an answer this week. I could not be content to take it from the mails. I must see you. Please let me have an hour with you as soon as you can. Send to the Grand hotel. Very sincerely,
"M. H. BROWN."

Harry, after summoning the porter and contradicting each order once or twice, besides squandering a very unnecessary number of silver quarters, settled himself with a lap table and a stylographic pen, and wrote; the final version was finished just as the afternoon waned into gray:

"DEAR CLARA: This stylograph is disgraceful, but circumstances make it impossible to do any better. That bear of a—no, I beg his pardon—but a certain gentleman is running a race with me to see you. Of course it must be a fair race, and you must decide which shall have the first chance; but, Clara, don't you see I can't live without you? Do keep that in mind. But still, if you'd rather have *him*, why—I won't pain you by saying anything brutal—so good-by till we meet. You and your mother must be lonely out there; oh! dear little girl, give me the right to make you both comfortable. Send *me just* a little note, please, at the Grand. Yours in dire suspense, HARRY."

III.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

The cottage stood on a little perpendicular bluff, and commanded the bay on one side and the ocean on the other. As Clara sat out on the little three-cornered balcony and watched the water, she felt as if there were something ridiculously suggestive in her environment—Harry and Mr. Brown, the bay and the ocean, and she between them.

The sun was bright and warm for a November day, but the wind was fresh; and in one of its whiffs it carried off a little pile of letters that lay in the girl's lap, and whirled them over the sand.

She ran down, pursuing them; and, having captured them with some trouble, perched herself on a rock more shielded from the wind and began to reread some of the pages:

"Easily prejudiced in judgment, enthusiastic, uncritical, undiscriminating, but excessively loyal in love, determined in hate. Little artistic power. Good humor under circumstances irritating to most men; occasional spurts of bad temper in unexpected places."

"Stern and uncompromising in habits of thought and emotion; unyielding in will; gloomy disposition, tendency to extremes, arising from narrowness of view; self-centered and utterly unsympathetic; 'cranky' in action combining with a general independence a singular moral cowardice before the opposition of some one person—probably of the opposite sex."

"Well, I suppose that's Harry and Mr. Brown. There's a sort of magnificence about Mr. Brown's air of reserve and importance, but I believe he *is* 'selfish and unsympathethic.' I wonder if it was a mean trick, getting their 'characters' read from their handwriting? It's a funny business, anyway, for that man—but he's remarkably clever at it; and fifty cents apiece—well it's cheap for the fun there is in it; but I don't know *now* which I like best. Mr. Brown is so *distingue*, and Harry is such a dear—but he's only a boy. Sometimes I think I love neither one, and sometimes I think I love them both."

IV.

ANOTHER BALCONY SCENE.

The afternoon was sunnier and milder than the morning, and only the Indian summer haze betrayed the fact that it was not June.

Clara was sitting again in the three-cornered balcony, and directly in front of her stood a young man, grasping the railing with twitching fingers. His hair was brown, but with more color in it than brown hair usually has; his eyes were bluer than most blue eyes; and his fair skin had a flush like a girl's.

"I asked you to come first," spoke Clara, calmly, "because I have made up my mind to say *no* to *you*."

Harry's color grew fiercer, and his hold of the railing tenser.

"Won't you tell me why?" he said with a mixture of beseeching and bullying in his tone.

"Oh, you are so 'prejudiced,' so 'undiscriminating,' and you have 'occasional spurts of bad temper in unexpected places,'" laughed Clara. The imperiousness of his voice nettled her, and she would not answer seriously.

Not being aware of the "character read by chirography," Harry failed to appreciate the joke, and replied quite seriously:

"Well, I don't see how you can call a fellow *undiscriminating* that chooses *you*; and if I'm hot-headed, it's in a good cause."

"Yes, it *said* you were enthusiastic and loyal," Clara went on, smiling faintly.

"*It* said! Well, I'm obliged to *it*, whoever it is. But Clara, my love can't be for nothing when it's my *life* just given to *you*;—and you do love me—I can see it your eyes. Let me kiss you, and you'll be sure of it, yourself!"

And as Harry bent over her, Clara threw her arms around his neck, and said:

"Yes, I believe I do."

V.

THE TAIL-PIECE.

The Indian summer had vanished with the afternoon, and it was November again; but the sea was not so sullen or so lonely as the man that stood at its edge and gazed with aimless directness on the vanishing line of the horizon.

"She is right. I *am* a bear, too harsh and unsympathetic to enter into her life. These fellows, like Willis, warm-blooded and gentle, always work it better with women. I'll just let them alone in the future."

And the last afterglow seemed to die out of the sky, as the tense figure strode away into the night.—J. M. Anderson, in N. Y. Independent.

—At Ledbury, England, where Mrs Browning spent much of her childhood, a monument to her will be set up probably in the form of a clock tower of brick and stone, with a bronze bust and a quotation from "Aurora Leigh."

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—The German emperor has asked permission of the king of Sweden to erect a monument at the North Cape, in commemoration of his voyage in those regions and to encourage navigators in the north.

—One man in Oxford county, Me., can appreciate the practical as well as the æsthetic advantages of doing without fences. His next neighbor hired a man to hoe his crops, and the man, knowing no meets and bounds, works away until a fence confronts him, the result being that Edward gets his crops hoed as well as the man who hired the laborer.

—Mr. Walter Winans, the American millionaire whose deer forest in Scotland has so often formed the theme of parliamentary debates and whose revolver shooting is remarkable, has made a wonderful record with his favorite weapon. At a distance of twenty yards, with a disappearing target, he scored forty points out of a possible forty-two.

—A philanthropic Portland lady who earns her own living became interested in a family that lived in great misery and destitution. She almost supported them and took time that she could ill afford to spare to cook for them, especially for the aged grandmother, who was bedridden and died soon after. Sewed up in a mattress was found $1,300 which her miserly nature had kept secreted while she accepted the lady's charity.

—This is one of the stories that they tell of Vivian Burnett, the prototype of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." When about eight years old he noticed one day a seamstress at work in the family and asked her if she never got tired of sewing. "Yes," she replied, "I do get tired; indeed, my head aches now." "Why do you sew, then?" "Because I must. I have to work to earn my living." "Well," declared Vivian in princely dignity, "when I am president of the United States no woman shall work!"

—Sir John Everett Millais, the great painter, is never so happy as when sketching from nature in Scotland. Seated beside some wimpling burn, with an old pipe in his mouth, he will work all day without eating. He long ago learned the art of painting in the rain. An American artist, who painted with him for two seasons, says that they sat in their wet clothes, drenched by the thick Scotch mist, day after day, wholly engrossed in reproducing the greens and browns of mosses and the grays and reds of trees.

—Muskrats became so annoying to a farmer in Yardley, Pa., that he offered a stranger twenty-five cents apiece for all he captured on his farm. On the first night the stranger caught four; on several succeeding nights the same good luck rewarded his efforts, he each morning showing four entrapped animals and receiving one dollar for his services. The farmer has since learned that not one of them was caught on his place, that he paid every morning for the same four muskrats and that the artful stranger brought them there.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—"Bah! the lion is not half so fierce as he is painted." "Still most of us prefer to hunt him on canvas."—Puck.

—She (strolling)—"It always seems to me that the stars are watching us." He—"Yes; but, thank heaven! they have no mouths attached to them."—N. Y. Herald.

—Mrs. Braggs—"Life in your case seems to be one long vacation." Weary Watkins—"Quite right you are, ma'am. I guess that's one reason why I am allers so tired."—Indianapolis Journal.

—She (admiringly)—"What a beautiful shore." He (boldly)—"Yes, it reminds me of you." She (coyly)—"The wind is pretty high; don't you think you had better hug the shore?"—Minneapolis Journal.

—"Now, Freddy," said the mischievous lad's mother, "don't let me speak to you again." "Ma," said the youngster, "you are old enough to know your own mind and I shan't attempt to interfere with your actions."—Washington Star.

—Old Lady—"Doctor, do you think there is anything the matter with my lungs?" Physician (after a careful examination)—"I find, madam, that your lungs are in a normal condition." Old Lady (with a sigh of resignation)—"And about how long can I expect to live with them in that condition?"

—House Hunter at the Beach—"I thought this was a furnished cottage. You certainly said 'furnished cottage' in your advertisement. But I don't see a stick of furniture in the house." Real Estate Dealer—"Of course not. I furnish the cottage and you furnish the furniture."—Boston Transcript.

—It was in Burlington, Vt. He was treating her to bananas, the first she had ever seen, and she ate rind and all. "That's pretty good fruit," she observed, "but it seems to be pretty much all pith." Later on they brought up at a soda fountain, where Corydon was heard to ask his Phyllis: "What kind of scent will you have?"

—"So this is your grandson, eh, Rastus?" "Yassir. He's a fine boy, too. Leads his classes at school." "Indeed? Come here, boy. Suppose you had two dozen watermelons, and another boy took five of them, how many would there be left?" "I gueth ef I done git a holt o' two dozen watermillions, they ain't no boy on dis yere airth 'uld git five of 'em," replied the youngster.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

THE ARMY CANTEEN.

A Standing Menace to the Good Morals of Soldiers.

Among army officers opinions are divided upon the subject of the canteen, which is the euphemistic name given the post gin mill. The war department at Washington and the military committes of both houses of congress are enthusiastic over the new departure. The temperance people of America, however, are of but one opinion concerning it, and have placed themselves upon record in opposition to the canteen.

What is the canteen?

Until very recently, within two or three years, the post sutler or post trader has supplied the officers and men at military posts in America with such articles of merchandise as they have required at prices generally quite remunerative. The licensed post traders have found the sale of liquor and tobacco by far the most profitable elements of their trade. Some army officers, however, who had visited the European armies and observed the methods of supplying luxuries to the royal troops in England, in particular, bethought himself of a similar arrangement in this country, and so it has come about that the canteen has driven the sutler out of business and the troops conduct their own corner grocery. It was urged in behalf of the post bar that if it be controlled by an officer a better grade of liquors would be drank and the expense of a soldier's drink would be less paralyzing to his pocketbook. The canteen has grown from an experiment to a fixed policy, and the lately profitable political plum of a post-tradership is no longer worth picking.

When a canteen is opened an officer is detailed to manage it. He becomes personally responsible for the finances of the concern, and is expected to make it profitable. Liquors and cigars are the only sources of profit, because soldiers being supplied by the government with clothing and rations have little else to purchase, although it is claimed on behalf of the canteen that it eke's out the government ration, confessedly not luxurious. The whisky and tobacco trade of the post saloon or canteen is immense and profitable. I know a small frontier fort where there is a garrison of but eighty men, a number of whom drink no liquor, and yet in eight months they have drunk and paid for twenty-five thousand bottles of beer at twenty-five cents per bottle, and the canteen officer has in eight months lifted a debt of nearly two thousand dollars and is running his "shebang" at a good profit. The sales of useful and necessary articles at this post have been too insignificant for consideration. Behind the bar are enough canned goods, hair brushes and blacking boxes to take the sideboard edge off the place, but months roll by without the sale of a dollar's worth of these goods.

A canteen officer does not "tend bar" himself. That is wholly beneath the dignity of a commissioned officer, and a sergeant is therefore taken from his regular duties and assigned to the high-toned business of drawing corks, pouring out beer and whisky, and waiting upon officers and men who patronize the military saloon. If one sergeant cannot take care of the business others are detailed to assist him. A trooper or infantry man is relieved from camp routine and he cleans the cuspidors, washes bottles and glasses, scrubs the floor and otherwise devotes his time keeping the post "doggery" as presentable as possible for officers and men. These soldiers are paid extra for these services, but are taken absolutely from military duty, and they officiate in the "dive" as proprietor, barkeeper and roustabout. At a small post three men are thus taken from their legitimate duties, and in larger posts more men are necessary. The average will run not less than three to the hundred, however. It is probable that one full regiment of the regular United States army is in the saloon business at the expense and on behalf of the government. A canteen officer seeks to make the canteen a financial success. He is open to censure if he fails. He and his assistants are therefore likely to encourage sales and stimulate the business of drinking liquor.

The officer is in most instances honest; but it is not wise to place before him the temptations incident to the handling of from ten thousand dollars to fifty thousand dollars per annum. There will be no end of court martials as the result of the canteen. A man who would duplicate pay-vouchers would not hesitate to profit by the canteen detail. The barkeepers and helpers are also exposed to the temptation to drink more than they might if not handling the stuff, and they, too, are not free from the evil effects of having an opportunity to cheat the officer in charge to their own pecuniary advantage. The exceptional breakage at some canteens arouses the suspicion that the bar-keeper and roustabout are not satisfied with one dollar and a half and seventy-five cents respectively per day.

The fact is the canteen is an open saloon, sometimes no worse than a respectable "doggery" elsewhere, and generally no better. It is a convenience to profligate soldiers and officers, who might be sober between paydays except for the credit this institution affords. It is a standing invitation to the younger men to participate in its festivities. It is officially recognized, and purchases over its bar are encouraged in the interest of good discipline and the canteen treasury. It is in the very midst of the homes of officers and men, and about their only resort for indoor amusement. It is a standing menace to the good morals of the army. It is no more a necessity to the army than a roulette table or bawdy house, and these could as reasonably be added to the military establishment as a whisky shop.—T. W. Blackburn, in N. Y. Independent.

DRUNK ON COFFEE.

Once Under the Influence of the Berry Release Is Almost Impossible.

In the course of his studies Dr. Mendel found very few instances in which the confirmed coffee drunkard was ever cured. The symptoms constantly grow worse, and are only to be relieved by large quantities of the beverage the abuse of which has caused them. In this way the victims go from bad to worse, for, though well aware of the mischief being wrought, they suffer so severely that they are afraid to abandon the habit lest death should end the agony they experience.

After beginning with the agreeable infusion of the roasted berries they are driven, in their search for something more powerful, to swallow the tincture, which, though it operates for a time in the direction desired, soon loses its efficacy and has to be swallowed in greater and greater quantities, the evil influence of the coffee being, of course, heightened by the alcohol used to extract its essential ingredients. When brandy is taken, only temporary relief follows, though not infrequently the intoxication produced by the latter is eagerly welcomed in order to deaden the anguish caused by the inordinate indulgence in the former.

The last stage of this peculiar disease shows itself in the sallow face and chilly hands and feet of the victims, coupled with an expression of dread and agony which settles over the countenance—a form of melancholia, alternated by hysteria, only to be temporarily relieved by repeated application to the coffee pot or to a strong tincture formed by steeping the crushed berries in spirits of wine. Meantime the diseased state of the body is demonstrated by the acute inflammation, which is apt to supervene at any moment. A bruise, a cut, a prick or a sting, which in a healthy person would be scarcely noticed, is the starting point for inflammation of an erysipelatous character, so that it seldom happens that the coffee inebriate is long lived.

Coffee drunkards are more common among people of nervous temperament than in the ranks of the stolid, phlegmatic folks, not easily moved by any stimulus, or who, like many Germans, prefer eating to drinking.—London Standard.

SHORT SPECIALS.

WOULD that the drink habit, developed by meat-eating and peppery food, might be antagonized by scientific cooking in every woman's kitchen in the land.—Frances E. Willard

BOSTON'S new temperance law is rather peculiar. It permits any man to get tight twice a year without punishment, but if he is arrested for drunkenness the third time, his sentence is imprisonment for a year.

HON. HENRY WILSON, while vice-president of the United States, and just before he died, said: "All other issues before the American people dwindle into insignificance compared to the issues involved in the temperance question."

INTEMPERANCE, like treason, ought to be made odious in the land, and there is very close similarity between the two. The treasonable man endeavors to dethrone the rightful sovereign, and intemperance dethrones reason from her throne, and reason is the presiding spirit of our soul, the ruler of our soul.

TAKING a walk one day through the commissariat stores in Hong Kong with a friend, says a correspondent, I came to a portion of that establishment where four Chinamen were emptying a large tub of rum, which they were carrying in gallon measures to another portion of the building. Addressing myself to one who was apparently the head of the party, I inquired: "Do you like rum, John?" "No, sir," said the Chinaman. "Why not?" "Rum not proper, sir; make Chinaman number one fool."—Union Signal.

THE canteen is the official army saloon; it is a national declaration in approval of the liquor traffic, an admission of its necessity. It is a declaration that drunkenness and debauchery are unavoidable among disciplined men; it is an open door with an officer standing before it to encourage his men to partake freely of intoxicants; it is a direct insult to a large and growing public sentiment which, recognizing the awful evils of drink, pleads for total abstinence and the abolition of the saloon.—N. Y. Independent.

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from every person having the welfare of our land at heart. When will all the American people wake up to the danger that the liquor traffic is threatening?—The Lever

short notice. Call and see us. The HERALD.

WE ARE LOADED

UP ON

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

And during this warm season are forcing trade by offering bargains, we are actually ashamed to show for fear our customers will believe we secured our goods dishonestly. Our object is to convert this early purchase into cash, and be ready for our regular trade with another stock purchased with this money. You will be benefited 20 per cent by purchasing now, and we will make our profit later on

STORMONT & CO

THE HERALD.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER, 3 1891.

W. H. BLAIR, Editor and Prop'r

PRICE $1.25 PER ANNUM.

The W. C. T. U. will meet in their parlors October 8th.

There will be no school in Cedarville Monday.

Lowry Sprowl of Columbus, spent Sunday with his parents.

Miss Olga Otten of Cincinnati, visited friends in Cedarville this week.

Do not forget the concert at the Opera House next Thursday evening. Tickets on sale at Stormont and Co.

Misses Anna McMillan and Stella Barber attended the opening of millinery goods in Dayton, Wednesday.

B. G. Ridgway now flies about the country in a handsome new dog cart. It elicits the admiration of all who see it.

The 10th Ohio battery will hold its tenth annual reunion in Cedarville, Wednesday and Thursday, October 14 and 15.

The McCorkle trio will give the best entertainment to be heard in the opera house this season. Do not fail to attend.

Rev. C. W. Courin of Pigeon Creek, Pa. will preach in the United Presbyterian Church Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock. No night services.

J. Dales Kyle and Miss Pearl Collins of Xenia, were married Thursday at 5:30 P. M. by J. C. Warnock, assisted by Rev. Courin.

Ida Bowman, a twelve year old girl living two miles from Yellow Springs, mysteriously disappeared Wednesday. She was last seen in the lane which leads to her home, while returning from school.

The ticket office at Selma was broken into last Saturday and $81.70 taken from the till. Elmer Keys the agent gave the alarm as soon as he returned from his dinner and the authorities in neighboring towns were notified to be on the lookout for the thief and he was captured near Washington C. H. the same evening. He gave his name as F. H. Morris, $56.60 was found hid away in the lining of his hat. He was bound over to court.

... indulgent. But he strove ... care how she either looked or felt, and flung one hand with intimate abandonment toward the chaos of scientific utensils that filled the room.

"You see all these, Georgina? Well, I've gathered more than you guess from my long association with them. I need not tell you how strong was my passion for science when I first came over sea to Cambridge. At Columbia ...

Persons calling for the above will please say "Advertised."

JNO. W. MCLEAN.

Marriage Licenses:—James Quinn and Ellen Kaleher; Edward Pratt and Ivanette Hathaway; Richard Rodgers and Sallie Jasper; John I. Schlosser and Julia Custenborder.

Weather Report for September, 1891 as compared with 1889 and 1890.

September	1889,	1890,	1891,
Tem'.	64°	64°	69°
Clear days	18	11	21.
Cloudy "	4	5	5.
Rain "	8	14	4.
Hottest "	77°	74°	76°
Coolest "	40°	48°	50°
First frost	22nd	14th	None.

It will be seen that Sept. 1891 had more clear days and fewer rainy days than Sept. 1889 and 1890, and average temperature higher than either and that there was no frost at all in Sept. '91. Samuel Creswell.

Cedarville Ladies.

Over fifty of them have already ordered the new Acme self-heating smoothing iron which is being sold here by Mr. Harbour, of Winchester, Ind. They are aware that they cannot afford to do without an article that saves as much labor as this iron, and save its cost in fuel in five or six months. Many ladies of this place have tested the merits of the acme iron to their satisfaction.

Following are a few of the many testimonials in the hands of M. Harbour.

Mrs. Farr requests me to say that the acme iron gives good satisfaction. It saves labor and fuel and does the best of work, we can heartily recommend it to all.

THOS. G. FARR, M. D.
South Charlestown, Ohio.

I am well pleased with my acme iron and can say that I never purchased anything for the money that excelled it. I take great pleasure in recommending so useful as this iron.

MRS. J. E. LANDAKER,
South Charlestown, Ohio.

George Baker, who lately moved to Cedarville from the southern portion of this township, was thirty-nine years of age Thursday, and his friends in the vicinity of his old home gave him a neat surprise that evening. The family were just preparing to retire when there was a knock at the door, and upon its being opened the following persons filed in; to the consternation of Mr. and Mrs. Baker; Ed Houser and wife; Harry Ewry and wife; Mose Tomlinson and wife; Isaac McCann and wife; Otis Wolford and wife; Dr. J. S. Snider and mother, Miss Watson, Curtis Tomlinson, Burr Harrison, Miss Ida Spahr, Luther Miles, John Morris, Dr. Baldridge and W. H. Blair arrived later and assisted in the festivities. The visitors brought with them all the delicacies of the season in the way of eatables and served luncheon about 11 o'clock Everybody had an elegant time. The surprise on Mr. Baker as well as that of his estimable wife was genuine.

HOUSE FURNISHINGS.

We sell the best carpet for 35cts. a yd. in the country—the patterns are good and the color the best The quality is as heavy as the best Extra Super and the same grade is sold at 50 cts. a yd. everywhere It is a carpet bargain you can well afford to see. At 55 cts. we have a splendid line of all wool filling Extra Super, splendid goods to wear and handsome patterns. In fine Brussels carpeting, we have all grades from 49cts. for new patterns up the best goods made. Rugs you can get any kind you would wish in our stock, all the newest things at lowest cash prices. One thing cheap is a Smyrna matt at 50cts. Oil cloths and linoleums, all grades and patterns to suit any taste.

JOBE BROS. & Co., Xenia.

MILLINERY.

You will find all the new shapes in felt hats, new colors in velvets and ribbons and all in latest novelties at

BARBER and McMILLAN.

We will publish next week a list of premiums awarded Greene County exhibiters at the State Fair.

TRANSFERS.

J. & M. Jeffries to A. S. Frazer. Deed of Assignment.

Emma C. Walker to H. M. Morris and Miller Vanpelt, lot, Bowersville, $900.

John H. Barkman to John Sheetz, lot, 6, Barkmhn's add to Osborn. $100.

D. D. Buckles to Mary E. Pearson, part lot 9, Jamestown, $2550.

T. L. Magruder to John Ewing, ½ acre, Xenia city, $1,

George C. Adams to Willis Lucas, 141 a, Ross, $7050.

C. L. Spencer to Issac Johnson, part lot 3, Roberts & Anderson add. to Xenia, $70

Catharine L. Tresslar to Martha J. Tresslar, 38a, Silvercreek, $2856.

Harrison Johnson to Elizabeth Cruzen, 3a, Yellow Springs, $472.

S. T Baker to Amanda Galloway, 28-100a, Silvercreek, $100.

J. T. Hale to Thos. Murphy, quit claim to 1a, Xenia, $25.

W. H, Walker to same, 4a, Xenia, $300.

BIG VALUES

AND LITTLE PRICES

One fact is worth a column of argument. Some people are courteous enough to listen to stories they have heard before but they do it only out of politeness, for a story that is worth telling twice must be a good one. Here's a story however that never grows old and never loses its force. For little prices we give big values. We don't sell at market prices, we go below them, and we sell you a suit of Boys Clothing for school at $1.90 that was never sold anywhere for less than $3,00.

J. E. LOWRY.

Opera House Block.

G. W. Harper of this place received the nomination of both the democratic and Peoples parties for an office of State Senator in this district at Washington C. H. Wednesday at which city both parties held conventions that day. The districthas about 5,000 republican majority Mr. Harper informs us he intends to make a thorough canvass and do all in his power to be elected. His ideas, he claims, are all in accord with the People's party and the strength of that party will be sufficient to insure his election.

Hon. Andrew Jackson has been appointed aide-de-camp by John Palmer, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. He received his appointment yesterday morning.

S. L. Walker is sojourning at the reservoir this week.

Will Elerick spent a couple of days with his family this week.

Mrs. Hurst, of Nebraska, is visiting her sister, Mrs Jane Anderson,

D. S. Ervin and wife entertained a number of friends at an 8 o'clock tea Tuesday evening in honor of W. H. Anderson and wife, of Tranquility, O.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Sterrett will celebrate their fifteenth marriage anniversary next Tuesday evening.

Communion services will be held in the Covenanter Church—Rev. Sproul's to-morrow. Rev. R. C. Wylie of Ray, Mich., will preach at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.

Blue vitrol at Andrew Bros. & Co.

Sleigh bells for sale
Andrew Bros. & Co.

Go to Mitchell & get your winter supply of coal before the price advances.

For the very best Lehigh anthracite go to Mitchell's

Don't let the Flies—Mosquito or gnats devour the family, but supply yourself with Screens at Mitchell's.

Farm gates at Mitchell's.

Window glass and glazing at
Andrew Bros. and Co.

Choice home grown timothy seed at
Andrew Bros. and Co.

J. E. LOWRY'S.

The largest and best line of trunks and valises in Xenia. 3t-26.
A. R. Crandall & Co.

New styles in suits, overcoats, hats, underwear and furnishings.
3t-26. A. R. Crandall & Co, Xenia.

All kinds of school supplies at Ridgway's at a special reduction in prices.

The best Tea in town at Bull's.

Window Glass and putty at Bull's.

Golden Rio Coffee at Bull's.

Jersey Sweet Potatoes at Bull's.

Breakfast Bacon at Bull's.

School books, and school supplies of all kinds at RIDGWAY'S.

Sorghum, Syrup and New Orleans Molasses at Bull's.

Call on Ridgway for school books.

Sorghum, Syrup and New Orleans Molasses at GRAY'S.

Farmers, to prevent smut in wheat use Blue Vitrol, for sale at Bull's.

FOR SALE or RENT.

The Iliff homestead near M. E. church, Cedarville. For particulars call on Wm. Iliff adminstrator of estate.

Seed Wheat.

Hungarian seed wheat, absolutely free from smut and rye, and testing 62 pounds to the bushel. For sale by Ervin & Sterrett.

Halters, collars and all kinds of harness sundries at James Murray's

If you want to see nobby hats call at J. E. Lowry's.